

# THE MONTH

*A Catholic Magazine and Review.*

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NOVEMBER, 1896.

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## *The Condemnation of Anglican Orders.*

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JUST two years ago, THE MONTH devoted three articles to the subject of Anglican Orders. At that time the movement started by Lord Halifax and Père Portal, was in its infancy, and it will be remembered that the primary object for which these zealous men proposed to work was the establishment of a Corporate Reunion between their respective Churches. If the question of Anglican Orders was placed in the foreground of the plan of operations, it was because Lord Halifax insisted that their recognition by Rome would be regarded by Anglicans as an indispensable condition of Reunion, whilst at the same time he deemed the question to be one which the Holy See could entertain without any sacrifice of its essential claims. Hence the movement was inaugurated with a *brochure* on this subject by Père Portal, writing under the *nom de plume* of Fernand Dalbus. *Les Ordinations Anglicanes* was intended to recommend these Orders to the favourable notice of French Catholics, and it certainly attracted considerable attention on both sides of the Channel. The interest was fostered by an interchange of visits between the English and French Reunionists, and after a brief interval, by a Latin work, *De Hierarchia Anglicana*, from the pen of MM. Denny and Lacey, which was diligently circulated in France and at Rome. In Rome especially the movement was actively propagated, its adherents seeking to enlist the sympathies of the Cardinals and other influential personages, and M. Duchesne, as it was understood, making himself the mouthpiece of the rest to bring the matter under the formal notice of the Holy See. It was suggested that in view of the progress in liturgical studies since the sixteenth century, and the general feeling of Anglicans that the Roman authorities had never given their claims a fair consideration, the question might be reopened and an official inquiry into the facts instituted.

Leo XIII. has nothing nearer to his heart than the desire to see the wounds of Christendom healed, and he lent no unwilling ear to the request. He decided to have the inquiry, and determined that it should be carried out in the most thorough and impartial manner. Accordingly he assembled a first and preparatory Commission to collect the requisite materials, and formed it out of those who on either side of the controversy had given special attention to the different departments of the evidence; each side being represented in equal numbers. The proceedings of the Commission were watched with great interest by the Anglican body, and the fairness of its constitution was praised by Lord Halifax and Mr. Puller, the latter with Mr. Lacey going to Rome that they might act as outside instructors of the members who represented their views. This preparatory Commission over, a judicial Commission was appointed, before which the materials collected were laid, and we all know with what anxiety the decision of this latter Commission was awaited; we know, too, how, when the impression began to prevail that the decision had been adverse, the anxiety to have it published passed into an anxiety to have it suppressed, recourse being even had to Mr. Gladstone, who wrote a mysterious letter under the direction of Lord Halifax—a letter which was interpreted to mean that the Pope should think seriously of the harm he would do if he allowed a condemnation to issue.

If any one should doubt the accuracy of this account, let him compare it with what Lord Halifax has himself said in the *Nineteenth Century* for May of this year. It seems necessary, however, to remind ourselves of the facts at the present conjuncture, since, now that the adverse decision has been promulgated, Anglicans are protesting that the investigation was none of their seeking, and that, therefore, the Bull *Apostolicæ Curæ* can only be regarded as a gratuitous assault upon their feelings. It is true that no official application from the Anglican hierarchy was addressed to the Holy See, as indeed it is true that the members of the Anglican hierarchy were incapable of agreeing among themselves as to what they wanted on a doctrinal subject like this. But the course taken by the Halifax-Portal party amounted to a distinct application, and placed the Holy See in the necessity of either promulgating the decision to which it had been led by the evidence, or leaving an open door to noxious misconstructions.

Why then, we may well ask, all these storms of abuse with which the High Anglican papers are resounding? If they attach no importance to a judgment of the Holy See, it should be the easier for them to regard what has happened in an equable frame of mind. If they do attach importance to its judgment, can they not at least recognize that Leo XIII. has been doing only what he conscientiously felt to be his duty, under circumstances of which they themselves were in such large measure the creators? They told him they longed to see the time when they could reunite their own people with the communion over which he presides, and he responded by pointing out to them the only conditions under which such a reunion could be accomplished. They told him that a great obstacle in their path would be removed if he could see his way to recognize at least the validity of their Orders, and, after careful inquiry, undertaken with the best of wills, he writes to say that the claims of truth do not permit him to gratify them. Could he well have kept silence when thus approached? or could he without insincerity have answered otherwise?

Nor can they take rational offence at the tone and texture of the language with which the decision is communicated, for it could not possibly have been more gentle and considerate, or more appreciative of their religious earnestness. He reminds them of the "generous way in which (his) zeal and plainness of speech (in his two former addresses), inspired by no mere human motives, have met the approval of the English people," implying that it has encouraged him to hope that his present utterance may be received with the same sympathetic courtesy and ascribed to the same sense of duty. He tells them what we have been just saying, namely, that he had been moved to re-examine the subject by the representations of certain Anglican and Catholic students, who were agreed in thinking that "in view of studies brought up to the level of recent research, and of new documents rescued from oblivion, it was not inopportune to re-examine the question by (his) authority;" that he felt these "writers had been actuated by the desire to smooth the way for the return of Anglicans to holy unity," and that he in turn, "not disregarding such desires and opinions, and, above all, obeying the dictates of Apostolic charity, (has) considered that nothing should be left untried that might in any way tend to preserve souls from injury or procure their advantage."

It is in such language that he describes the origin of the investigation, and in language no less gentle and earnest he communicates the result to which it has led.

It remains for Us to say that even as We have entered upon the elucidation of this grave question in the name and in the love of the Great Shepherd, in the same We appeal to those who desire and seek with a sincere heart the possession of a hierarchy and of Orders. Perhaps until now aiming at the greater perfection of Christian virtue, and searching more devoutly the Divine Scriptures, and redoubling the fervour of their prayers, they have, nevertheless, hesitated in doubt and anxiety to follow the voice of Christ, which so long has interiorly admonished them. Now they see clearly whither He in His goodness invites them and wills them to come. In returning to His one only fold they will obtain the blessings which they seek, and the consequent helps to salvation of which He has made the Church the dispenser and, as it were, the constant guardian and promoter of His Redemption amongst the nations. Then indeed *they shall draw waters in joy from the fountains of the Saviour*,<sup>1</sup> His wondrous Sacraments, whereby His faithful souls have their sins truly remitted and are restored to the friendship of God, are nourished and strengthened by the Heavenly Bread, and abound with the most powerful aids for their eternal salvation. May the God of Peace, the God of all consolation, in His infinite tenderness enrich and fill with all these blessings those who truly yearn for them.

We wish to direct Our exhortation and Our desires in a special way to those who are ministers of religion in their respective communities. They are men who from their very office take precedence in learning and authority, and who have at heart the glory of God and the salvation of souls. Let them be the first in joyfully submitting to the Divine call, and obey it and furnish a glorious example to others. Assuredly with an exceeding great joy their Mother the Church will welcome them, and will cherish with all her love and care those whom the strength of their generous souls has amidst many trials and difficulties led back to her bosom. Nor could words express the recognition which this devoted courage will win for them from the assemblies of the brethren throughout the Catholic world, or what hope or confidence it will merit for them before Christ as their Judge, or what reward it will obtain from Him in the Heavenly Kingdom. And We ourselves in every lawful way shall continue to promote their reconciliation with the Church, in which [reconciliation] individuals and masses, as We ardently desire, may find so much for their imitation. In the meantime, by the tender mercy of the Lord Our God, We ask and beseech all to strive faithfully to follow in the open path of Divine Grace and Truth.

<sup>1</sup> *Isaias xii. 3.*

We give this passage at length, for it deserves to receive attention. Surely one might have hoped that a decision, so evidently inspired by a sense of duty, and communicated in language so evidently springing from the depths of an affectionate heart, would, notwithstanding its disappointment of their hopes, have been met from the Anglican side by a similar expression of kindly feeling. And yet what we find is that, not to speak of other and coarser minds, even an amiable nobleman like Lord Halifax—forgetful of his own maxim that we should think the best, not the worst, of our fellow-Christians, forgetful, too, how he personally had been instrumental in forcing on the investigation—works himself up into a temper, and seeks only to say bitter things about a Pope whose fairness and good-will he had previously been so loud in extolling—tells him it will be said of him “that he threw away the opportunity he had himself created for the healing of the schism;” that “having begun to build he was not able to finish;” that “having encouraged the blessed work of those who sought corporate reunion, he ended by yielding to the traditions of the Holy Office and to the representations of those who look upon ‘Corporate Reunion as a snare of the Evil One;’”<sup>1</sup> and that it will be necessary for the English Episcopate to lecture him well because “he walks not uprightly according to the truth of the Gospel.”<sup>2</sup> It has indeed happened (if we may borrow a phrase from Lord Halifax and give it a truer application) that when Leo XIII. spoke to men of peace they made themselves ready for battle.

The hostile reception which the Bull *Apostolicæ Curæ* has encountered from the leaders of the Reunionist party in the country—so strikingly different, by the way, from that accorded

<sup>1</sup> These words within commas purport to be a quotation from Cardinal Vaughan's Hanley Address. But as a quotation they are inaccurate, and as a rendering of the Cardinal's meaning they amount to misrepresentation. The Cardinal said: “*Tarry* not for Corporate Reunion; it is a dream, and a snare of the Evil One.” The context more clearly even than the sentence itself witnesses that what he called a “snare of the Evil One” is not Corporate Reunion in itself, which if feasible on a sound basis would be most desirable, but the policy of remaining outside the Catholic Church even after conviction of the truth of its claims, on the plea of tarrying for a day of Corporate Reunion in the far-off future. It is the more strange that the President of the English Church Union should thus misrepresent the Cardinal's language, since the Hanley Address was conspicuous for its sympathetic tone and endeavour to do justice to Anglicans. But for the last few months Lord Halifax seems to have contracted a perfect mania for misconstruing his Eminence's words and actions.

<sup>2</sup> *Presidential Address to the English Church Union*, October 5, 1896. (*Church Times*, October 9.)

to it by their Catholic allies across the Channel—renders it almost useless to invite them to a discussion of its nature and contents. There are others, however, who need to be considered. There are Catholics who desire to know what answer they shall return to the many confident charges of conspicuous error and untruthfulness which are being levelled against the Bull, and there are non-Catholics, not few in number, who are anxious to hear the other side, and know if it be really true that a Pope like Leo XIII., whom Lord Halifax assured them was so large-minded and impartial, has turned out so utterly wicked and incompetent. It is to persons belonging to these two classes that the present article is addressed.

The charges against the Pope in respect of the Bull may be reduced to three headings—(1) that it is not the outcome of a *bona fide*, but only of a sham inquiry; (2) that it has been dictated by considerations of policy, not of theological or historical truth; (3) that the reasons which it gives for its adverse decision are conspicuously worthless and ignorant.

Of these charges, the first, stated with more detail, is that the establishment of the preparatory Commission, on which the two sides were so equally and efficiently represented, was only a blind. The Pope wished, it is insinuated, to create the impression that he was about to weigh carefully the evidences for as well as against Anglican Orders, and the constitution and deliberations of the preparatory Commission were admirably adapted for this purpose. When, however, the case passed on to the Judges of the Holy Office, this pretence of deliberation was at once cast off, and endeavours were confined to the task of drawing out some sort of colourable defence of the existing practice. One might have imagined that an insinuation so base would refute itself, and have felt inclined to leave it alone. It is made, however, not only by the lower order of controversialists, but even by responsible journals. Thus the *Guardian*:

The Pope had not been asked by Anglicans to investigate the validity of their Orders. He had appointed the commission of his own free-will, and in furtherance, as was supposed, of that desire to reunite in some degree the separated portions of Christendom to which he has so often given utterance. On any ground but this the nomination of the commission was unintelligible. It was suggested by no practical necessity. The traditional attitude of the Roman authorities on the question was well-established and well-known, and no individual case



had presented any new difficulty. Consequently the belief that the step was taken in the hope of removing at least one obstacle to Christian union was at once natural and reasonable. Nor do we doubt that, in the first instance, this was the true explanation of the Pope's action. He had been impressed, as we may well imagine, by such arguments as those of the Abbé Duchesne and the Abbé Portal, and he hoped that a fuller consideration of them might suggest a way of escape from an *impasse* more than three centuries old. We do not deny, of course, that an inquiry begun in this spirit might conceivably not have led the Pope to a different conclusion from that at which he has actually arrived. But we do say that an inquiry carried through in this spirit would not have resulted in a document which, though it is in form a judgment, is in fact an *ex parte* statement. Under any circumstances Leo XIII. might have pronounced Anglican Orders invalid, but if this decision had been founded on the facts of the case, and not on the supposed necessities of the situation, it would have taken some notice of the wealth of new arguments on the opposite side which have recently been adduced by theologians of his own communion. The conclusion of the whole matter is one with which all Churches are unfortunately familiar, and none more so than the great Church of Rome. An inquiry undertaken in the interests of historical truth has been made to minister to the needs of practical policy. The aspect, as we cannot but believe, which the question ultimately assumed was not so much, Are Anglican Orders valid? as, What will be the effect in England of pronouncing them valid? We have no wish to say hard things of the Roman Catholic authorities in this country. We do not doubt that they were honestly of opinion that a Papal recognition of Anglican Orders would be injurious to the salvation of souls and the interests of true religion. They have yet to learn that these great ends will not in the long run be served by the presentment of the facts of history in the garb of ecclesiastical partisanship.

One wonders it should not occur to these irate critics that a Pope who is universally recognized to be a man of singularly high character and independent mind, one who has even incurred the reproach of being autocratic because he is so resolute in supervising and deciding every measure ultimately for himself—that such a Pope, after having begun with a thoroughness and impartiality which the critics themselves extol, is not likely to have undergone so sudden a lapse, and to have delivered himself over blindly and fatuously into the hands of men who by supposition are conspicuous chiefly for the narrowness of their ideas and the insincerity of their methods. After all there are such things as psychological impossibilities, and this would seem to be one of them.

Probably no facts, however clear, will avail to convince critics thus absurdly prejudiced; but, as we are addressing ourselves directly to minds more open, we may ask them at least to notice that Leo XIII. assures us in the Bull itself that he did take pains to acquaint himself thoroughly with the facts.

It has, therefore, pleased Us graciously to permit the cause to be re-examined, so that through the extreme care taken in the new examination, all doubt, or even shadow of doubt, should be removed for the future. To this end We commissioned a certain number of men noted for their learning and ability, whose opinions in this matter were known to be divergent, to state the grounds of their judgments in writing. We then, having summoned them to Our person, directed them to interchange writings and further to investigate and discuss all that was necessary for a full knowledge of the matter. We were careful also that they should be able to re-examine all documents bearing on this question which were known to exist in the Vatican archives, to search for new ones, and even to have at their disposal all acts relating to this subject which are preserved by the Holy Office—or as it is called the Supreme Council—and to consider whatever had up to this time been adduced by learned men on both sides. We ordered them, when prepared in this way, to meet together in special sessions. These to the number of twelve were held under the presidency of one of the Cardinals of the Holy Roman Church, appointed by Ourselves, and all were invited to free discussion. Finally, *We directed that the acts of these meetings, together with all other documents, should be submitted to Our Venerable Brethren, the Cardinals of the same Council, so that when all had studied the whole subject, and discussed it in Our presence, each might give his opinion.*

Lower down in his letter he returns to the same point, and tells how the same careful and rigid method, under the same deep sense of responsibility, was continued to the very end.

All these matters have been long and carefully considered by Ourselves and by Our Venerable Brethren, the Judges of the Supreme Council, of whom it has pleased Us to call a special meeting upon the *Feria V.*, the 16th day of July last, upon the solemnity of Our Lady of Mount Carmel. They with one accord agreed that the question laid before them had been already adjudicated upon with full knowledge of the Apostolic See, and that this renewed discussion and examination of the issues had only served to bring out more clearly the wisdom and accuracy with which that decision had been made. Nevertheless We deemed it well to postpone a decision in order to afford time, both to consider whether it would be fitting or expedient that We should make a fresh authoritative declaration upon the matter, and to humbly pray for a fuller measure of Divine guidance. Then, considering that this



matter of practice, although already decided, had been by certain persons, for whatever reason, recalled into discussion, and that thence it might follow that a pernicious error would be fostered in the minds of many who might suppose that they possessed the Sacrament and effects of Orders, where these are nowise to be found, it has seemed good to Us in the Lord to pronounce Our judgment.

It is clear from this language that, if the insinuation now so confidently made in England were correct, it would be necessary to carry it further. For surely, on that supposition, the falsehood told by Ananias would be venial compared with the falsehood told in the above-cited words by Leo XIII.

There is also a further point bearing on this question of procedure, which has indeed been indicated by the translators of the Bull, but the significance of which has not perhaps been as yet sufficiently appreciated. The *Apostolica Curæ* differs from the recent Encyclical *Satis Cognitum* in this, that whereas the latter was a Brief, this is a Bull. That means that Leo XIII. wished to attach a special importance to its issue. Nor is it an ordinary Bull. It is one dealing, not indeed with a dogma of faith, but still with what is so closely connected with dogma—a dogmatic fact. As such it belongs to a class of Bulls in regard to which the Popes have always felt a peculiar sense of responsibility, and for the issue of which they have always felt the necessity of preparing themselves by the most persevering prayer and the most searching inquiries. This explains the *Feria V.* (Thursday) session of which the Bull makes mention. As the note to the English translation points out, the ordinary sessions of the Holy Office for the promulgation of its decrees are held on Wednesdays. A Thursday session is one held in cases of exceptional importance, and held in the presence and under the presidency of the Pope himself. The significance of such a session lies in this, that it transfers the responsibility for what is decreed in the fullest manner from the Holy Office to the Pope himself. Only two such Thursday sessions, we are informed on trustworthy authority, were held during the entire reign of Pius IX., and this is the only one that has as yet been held during the reign of Leo XIII. How incredible, therefore, must it be that the anxious weighing of evidence, deemed to be so necessary in the case of every dogmatic Bull, was dispensed with in the present instance, in which nevertheless we are assured by our irresponsible critics that Leo XIII. lent himself to be the subservient mouthpiece of Cardinal Vaughan.

With all this evidence to show that truth, not policy, was the goal kept in view, what grounds can there be for insinuating that an opposite course was followed? This brings us to the second of the charges above enumerated. It is one so unfair and uncalled for that it would not be worthy of consideration here, were it not for the opportunity it offers of dispelling a very gross misrepresentation which has been made current. We all know of the recent publication by the Anglican papers of a document (if such it can be termed) submitted to the Holy See by two English members of the preparatory Commission. We know of the publication and the purpose it has been made to serve. The account given of it in the *Church Times*<sup>1</sup> runs as follows :

The following translation from the Italian of a document by Dom Gasquet and Canon Moyes has been forwarded to us for publication. It supplies the reasons offered to the Pope in support of the contention that a condemnation of Anglican Orders was desirable and expedient, and a study of these reasons will both show the motives which seem largely to have influenced the issue of the Bull, and also the inadequate nature of the arguments upon which the condemnation of our Ordinal is based. Historical fallacies and unjustifiable assumptions jostle one another with remarkable frequency, and exhibit a spectacle of monumental ignorance.

Lord Halifax, in like manner, in the speech already referred to, has claimed that the decision was motivated by reasons stated in this document, and by them only.

The motives which lie behind the Bull are apparent. The memorandum submitted by Dom Gasquet and Canon Moyes to the Pope, published in the *Guardian* and the *Church Times*, the speeches of Cardinal Vaughan, and the preparations made for the expected harvest of converts in consequence of the Bull, speak for themselves.

The vice of this insinuation will appear at once to any one who has read in the *Church Times*, or elsewhere, the document, or rather the adroitly culled extracts from a document, ascribed (and we understand rightly) to the two priests named. The document, or series of extracts, is a summary account, or to speak more correctly, a criticism on a summary account of the history of Anglicanism from its origin to the present day ; and it finishes with a judgment on the true character of the present Reunionist movement, together with an estimate of the

<sup>1</sup> *Church Times*, October 2, 1896.

mischievous likely to result from any action on the part of the Holy See which could be construed by the Ritualists into a quasi-approval of their position. Thus its subject is the Reunion movement generally, and if Anglican Orders are mentioned in one of its paragraphs, it is because the desire for their recognition by the Holy See, and the motives underlying this desire, have their place, along with other things, in the programme of the movement. Nevertheless, it is on this incidental mention of their Orders that our assailants have fixed. It is difficult indeed to understand how they can believe seriously in their own allegation, but they are pleased to construe the document into proof positive that its authors drew it up with the purpose of inviting the Holy See to disregard the claims of truth and justice, and condemn Anglican Orders solely on the ground that condemnation would procure more individual conversions than recognition—although the concluding words of the document itself insert expressly the obvious stipulation, urging that so far as is possible "*without sacrificing truth and justice*, it is absolutely necessary to abstain from everything which may, even apparently, give approval and force to the pseudo-Catholic sect."

But we may go further and say, having taken pains to ascertain the truth, that this document had at most only an indirect and incidental bearing on the Bull. On the decision itself, it cannot have had, as it was not intended to have, any bearing at all; and this precisely because it does not deal with the kind of facts and principles on which the question of validity would turn; whilst, as is well known, and as the Bull itself says, these facts and arguments had otherwise been furnished, in great fulness, and after careful sifting, by the preparatory Commission. But beyond the decision itself, there was the question whether it should be promulgated, or allowed to lie dormant. Here considerations of expediency (if one cares to use the term) would rightly enter in, and indeed the Anglican party expressly recommended them to the Pope's notice, using Mr. Gladstone as their mouthpiece for the purpose. Leo XIII. too has assured us, in words already quoted from the Bull, that when the adverse decision had been reached by the Holy Office, and approved by himself, he still prescribed to himself a further period of delay precisely that he might consider the desirability of promulgation; and we quite understand what must have been the *pros* and *cons* between which,

at this stage of his deliberations, he had to strike a balance. They would have comprised on the one side the anxiety not to inflict an unnecessary wound on Anglican feelings, and on the other the anxiety not to furnish occasion for misconstructions harmful to the salvation of souls. The criticism furnished by Dom Gasquet and Canon Moyes is likely enough to have had its part, along with other similar sources of information, in determining the balance in favour of promulgation. Nor is there any reason why it should not, for in spite of the fierce attacks made upon it, and the few peddling criticisms in which they have issued, this document gives an unquestionably faithful account of the facts with which it is occupied.

It may be well, however, to explain how this document came into existence. It seems that it would not have been written at all had not a prior document, *De Re Anglicana*, been presented to the Cardinals by Messrs. Puller and Lacey. Last June, when the labours of the preparatory Commission were over, and the Cardinals of the Holy Office were on the point of entering upon their work, this prior document was suddenly circulated all over Rome. It purported to have been drawn up with the view of giving the Cardinals who were to sit on the judicial Commission an accurate idea of the history and the present state of the Anglican Church. There would have been no harm in that if the *De Re Anglicana* had been an honest document. The question is, was it? Mr. Lacey<sup>1</sup> says of it that "it was printed for private circulation, and it consisted of matter so familiar to every instructed Englishman that there would be no point in circulating it in England." But herein Mr. Lacey does scant justice to the merits of his own bantling. There can be no doubt that if published—and it ought to have been published by its authors if they published the annotations upon it—it would be found particularly interesting by English readers, though it may perhaps be doubted whether every instructed Englishman would accept it as so palpably accurate. At all events, Canon Moyes and Father Gasquet seem to have thought that the Cardinals, for whose instruction it was meant, would gather from it very erroneous impressions, and reluctantly they delayed their intended departure from Rome, and sat down to the labour of writing a hurried reply. Whether the two documents are destined to appear together and in full, it is not for the present writer to

<sup>1</sup> *Guardian*, October 7, 1896.

say. But this one may say, that it is impossible to judge of the accuracy of the reply as long as the previous document is suppressed, and, moreover, that if the two are ever printed together, the general verdict is not likely to award the palm of accuracy to the Anglican composition.

We can pass now to the third of the above specified charges, the charge against the Bull itself of containing arguments oft refuted and palpably of no value. On this point the Anglican critics profess themselves elated.

Indeed [says the *Guardian* of September 30], Leo XIII. has himself gone out of the way to blunt the point of his own weapon. Had he declared Anglican Orders invalid without giving his reasons, it might have been supposed that he had been led to his decision by the examination of new evidence or by the irresistible reasoning of unnamed experts. But he has given his reasons. He has traced out for us the method by which he has arrived at his conclusion, and so enabled us to test its soundness for ourselves. The result is that one half of the arguments heretofore relied on by the assailants of Anglican Orders prove to have been quietly dropped, while those that remain are reproduced with scarcely more than a passing reference to the many and fatal flaws which candid Roman Catholics have themselves detected in them. How can a decree of this kind supply any ground for discouragement on the part of English Churchmen?

The *Church Times* of course follows suit in this allegation, and the Archbishop of York, in his Shrewsbury sermon, likewise harped on the theme.

Happily for us the Pope has given not only his decision, but also his reasons. There are some of these regarding which it is difficult to believe that they have been seriously proposed, so capable are they of immediate refutation. There is hardly an argument or assumption in the Papal Letter which may not be decidedly traversed by an appeal to Holy Scripture and to the primitive Church. They have been discredited by theologians of the Roman Church itself.<sup>1</sup>

The Archbishop of Canterbury too has left behind him as a legacy a paragraph conceived in the same spirit :

Infallibility has, happily, this time ventured on reasons. But the subject of Orders, as needful to a perfectly-constituted Church, has been as jealously scrutinized in England as by Rome, and with much more knowledge of the facts. Authorities of theirs have till lately, at any rate, taught mere ludicrous fables about English Orders, and the late Papal document exhibits ignorances of which their own scholars and critics are as well aware as we.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Guardian*, October 7.

<sup>2</sup> *The Times*, October 22.

If Archbishop Benson were still with us, we might have inquired why it is that the superior knowledge of Anglican authorities is so imperfectly displayed in these extraordinary criticisms. But death has called him away whilst the pen that wrote these words was still wet, and in the presence of death we prefer to think of him only with regret as one worthy of respect and esteem for his many excellencies of head and heart.

With the indictment against the Bull, however, we are constrained to deal, and, if there are any who are taken in by these over-confident assertions, let it be said at once that we Catholic writers who have given attention to the subject, have read all that Anglicans have written concerning it, and have studied all such needful documents as ancient and Oriental rites, see no reason whatever for inferring that the facts are less well known at Rome than in England. The Bull would rather suggest that they are known more fully and exactly there than here. Nor are we in the least degree dejected because infallibility has this time ventured on reasons. We are indeed surprised that reasons should have been given, for hitherto it has not been the custom for dogmatic Bulls so to assign reasons for their decisions. But Leo XIII., with characteristic boldness, has thought fit to introduce a new precedent. It was because he credited the Anglican Reunionists with a desire for truth, and hoped they might, if he pointed out to them the grounds of the Catholic practice, be moved to study them seriously. It was an amiable, but, as the result shows, an unfounded expectation. Still there the reasons stand, and we may trust that there are earnest souls who will be thankful for the guidance. Catholic students are, at all events, very glad to have them, for so far from finding them to be as palpably inadequate as our friends assure us they are, we find them most luminous and convincing.

THE MONTH certainly does not need to be disconcerted, for the reasons set down in the Bull are just those which we ourselves gave in our articles on Anglican Orders of October and November, 1894.<sup>1</sup> Not that in so giving them we were peculiar among Catholic writers, or that it was any special merit to divine them; for they are reasons which flow at once from the generally accepted theology of the Sacrament of Orders in its application to the certain facts of English Church history. Still, since a few Catholic writers on the Continent considered

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards republished separately by the Catholic Truth Society as *Reasons for rejecting Anglican Orders*. 1s.



that we were astray in our judgment, it is naturally pleasing to find it sanctioned by the judgment of the authority to which our Lord has confided the guardianship of the faith.

But it will be useful to run through these reasons again briefly, as they are presented to us in the *Apostolicæ Curæ*, and, whilst doing so, we will keep in view the criticisms to which they have been subjected by the *Guardian* and *Church Times*.

The Bull tells us that it was deemed proper to ascertain first what had been the nature and origin of the past directions and practice of the Holy See in regard to the treatment of Anglican Orders. Even on this point there had been some controversy—certain persons thinking that the Holy See had never thoroughly investigated the matter, but that the existing practice of treating them as null did not go back to the days of Pole, and had been motivated only by inaccurate information supplied from England. The result of this first stage of the inquiry, the Bull informs us, was to make it quite clear that from the beginning these Orders had been rejected, and rejected after due inquiry; also that on several subsequent occasions the matter had been made the subject of fresh investigation, which had invariably resulted in giving fresh sanction to the previous practice and the grounds on which it rested. The first of these two points, the nature of the action taken by Pole, with the sanction of Julius III. and Paul IV., required to be determined by a study of the documents sent up by Pole to Rome, of the faculties issued from the Holy See to Pole, and of those subdelegated by Pole to the suffragan bishops, and, since *consuetudo optima legis interpret*, by the practice which thence arose. From several passages in these various instruments, we see that a certain class of Orders were treated as null and requiring to be repeated, and that these are described as Orders given according to a form other than the "accustomed form of the Church." This other form could only have been the Edwardine rite, for there was but that one other competing rite at the time in use in the country, whilst, as the Bull says, the faculties granted to Pole had regard, not to abstract possibilities, but to concrete cases. And, be it remembered, these conclusions as to the meaning of the said instruments are those reached not merely by certain English Catholic students, but also independently by Roman experts thoroughly familiar with the style of Papal letters. Indeed, the experts, as an article in the *Tablet* for October 17 testifies, were able, with their technical knowledge, to go beyond

the English students in detecting in the Marian instruments a judgment adverse to the Edwardine Orders.

From among the many later re-investigations, the Pope singles out two for mention, and dwells specially on one of them, the case of James Gordon, formerly a Scotch Episcopalian bishop, who became a Catholic and desired to enter the ranks of the clergy. The case came under the notice of the Holy Office in 1704, and it has been long known that a Decree declaring the invalidity of his Orders (which had been conferred by the Anglican rite) was given on April 17 of that year. It was not, however, so well known what were the grounds of the decision and the character of the investigation by which it was preceded. The text of the decree as given by Le Quien is imperfect and misleading, and the text copied for Canon Estcourt by some official of the Holy Office is less misleading indeed; but is still imperfect. Now that the archives of the Holy Office have been searched, it has been discovered that the investigation was most searching and thorough. The *Apostolica Curæ* itself tells us of what kind it was. "No safeguard which wisdom and prudence could suggest to insure the thorough sifting of the question was neglected." The decision did not rest on the Nag's Head story, as had been alleged by some, nor even on the questionable character of the Lambeth ceremony, but solely on the sufficiency of the Anglican rite. A copy of this was made the basis of inquiry, and it was "collated with other Ordination forms gathered together from the various Eastern and Western rites." Opinions also were obtained not merely from the Consultors of the Holy Office, but also from "the most eminent doctors of Sorbonne and Douai." Leo XIII. also instructs us that the decision, which was itself, like that more recently given, a *Feria 5<sup>a</sup>* decision and was unanimous, in no way turned on the omission of the Tradition of Instruments, but simply on the inadequacy of the form. Such having been the nature of these previous investigations, what wonder that Leo XIII. goes on to say that, had it been more generally known, no Catholic writer would have continued to regard the question as still open? We might also have expected the Pope to add that, after such a thorough previous sifting, it would have been superfluous to undertake another now. This, however, is just what he does not say. On the contrary, he tells us he determined "that the Anglican Ordinal, which is the essential point of the whole



matter, should be once more *most carefully* examined," and that because he "deeply and ardently desires to be of help to men of good-will, by showing them the greatest consideration and charity." It is a pity that these words should have escaped the notice of the Anglican leaders, for otherwise they would surely not have told their people that the Pope, finding the question to have been already settled, declined to let it be re-opened.

The way for further inquiry being thus prepared, the Bull next explains to us the theological principles on which the decision has turned. It has been noticed that, as in 1704, so now, the insufficiency of the Edwardine rite itself has been the only ground of nullity entertained, and that the doubts about Barlow's episcopal character and other features of the history of Parker's consecration have been passed over. From this omission a false inference has been drawn, for it has been assumed to be an omission which means rejection. "One half of the arguments heretofore relied upon by the assailants of Anglican Orders prove to have been quietly dropped," says the *Guardian*, and says the *Church Times*, in its coarser style: "About these rags of controversy the Bull is silent. They are not indeed repudiated. Such a tribute to historic truth would indeed be out of place in this document, but they are quietly suppressed. Of Barlow there is no mention. The doubts that were cast upon Parker's consecration are obscurely alluded to, only for the purpose of denying that they ever had any influence on the practice of the Roman Church." The simple answer to all this is, that these other arguments are not touched because the only question on which they bear did not require to be examined. There are two questions, one, "whether Anglican Orders are certainly invalid," the other, "whether they are not at all events probably invalid." Obviously the second of these questions could not come to the fore until the first had been answered in the negative, which did not happen. And yet it is on the second of these questions only that the doubts about Barlow and the Lambeth ceremony turn, for we have not urged them as more than doubts, although the doubt about Barlow is a very serious doubt, and one that seems to increase with each advance of research.

What, then, according to the Bull, are the grounds on which the rite has been pronounced insufficient? Here we must suppose our readers to have the text of the Bull before them,

and we shall confine ourselves to such observations as, in view of the strange misunderstandings which have arisen, will give the clue to its intended meaning. The argument is drawn from the essential character of a sacrament. A sacrament is an outward sign of the invisible gift which by Divine appointment it has the power to convey to the soul. Hence it must signify the gift, and signify it *definitely*. To signify definitely is a phrase quite familiar to Catholic theology, and it is most important to understand what it means. To signify definitely is not the same as to signify clearly, and does not necessarily involve an enumeration of the powers contained in the gift. To signify definitely is to signify with such precision as to differentiate and discriminate the gift imparted from other things. The question therefore to be determined is whether the Anglican rite attains to this definiteness of signification; that is to say, whether it definitely signifies the "order of the priesthood," or "the power of consecrating and of offering the true Body and Blood of the Lord" in the Sacrifice of the Mass, so as to discriminate it from the power to make a mere "bare commemoration of the Sacrifice offered on the Cross;" for the Council of Trent<sup>1</sup> has defined that the Mass is itself a Sacrifice in renewal of the Sacrifice of the Cross, and not a bare commemoration such as the Lutherans and other Protestants held.

Transmitting the question whether Tradition of the Instruments is in any sense necessary, and pointing out that the definiteness of signification is to be sought in the *form* more than in the *matter*, the Bull first inquires whether the Anglican *form* is by itself sufficient, and replies that it is not. The words *Receive the Holy Ghost*, "it says, do not of themselves definitely express the sacred order of priesthood, and here it must be understood to use the phrase, *Receive the Holy Ghost*, compendiously, for it is clearly referring to the entire form, as it stood before 1662—*Receive the Holy Ghost, whose sins thou dost forgive, &c., and be thou a faithful dispenser of God's Word and His holy sacraments.*" It is vain to say that these words suffice because our Lord used them, for it must first be shown that our Lord intended to confer then and there (not having conferred it previously at the Last Supper) the entire power of the priesthood, that is, the power of sacrifice as well as the supplementary power of forgiving sins. And if words are

<sup>1</sup> Sess. xxii., *De Sacrific. Missæ*, can. 3 and Sess. xxiii., *De Sacramento Ordinis*, can. 1.

to count for anything he must be held to have had no such intention, for certainly the words, *Whose sins ye remit, &c.*, do not in any way express the notion of sacrifice. Thus the Anglican form does not *of itself* "signify definitely" what has to be signified, and the addition made in 1662, cannot be cited as supplying the deficiency, since, whatever be its value, it was inserted too late.

The Bull, however, does not at once reject the rite. It contemplates the possibility of a form, in itself indefinite, being determined to a definite signification of what is wanted by the context contained in the remainder of the rite, or even by the beliefs and intentions, otherwise made manifest, of the framers. This is an important point which the Anglican critics have not observed, and precisely on their non-observance of it, have they founded their sweeping charges of ignorance and incompetence. It is, indeed, far from the truth that any ancient form, even considered in itself, is as deficient as the Anglican. But even if one were, the question of importance on which the Pope insists is whether such a rite remains undetermined to a definite and suitable signification, even when interpreted by its context and surroundings.

As for the Anglican form the Bull pronounces that it does not pass successfully through these extrinsic tests. The other prayers do not determine its definiteness in the direction of signifying a true priesthood, but rather the contrary; for they are prayers which are not only without mention of such a priesthood, but have been intentionally bereft of whatever phraseology bore that meaning. This, says the Pontiff, is the case with regard both to the rite for the priesthood and the rite for the episcopate. In each case, whilst the form itself is indeterminate, the context or other prayers of the rite determine it not to give, but to exclude, the meaning of a true priesthood as the gift conferred. Exception has been taken, as we know, to this conclusion, appeal being made to the use of the words *bishops*, *priests*, and *deacons*, in the Preface and in other parts of the Ordinal. Presently, it shall be explained where this exception falls short; for the moment it is enough to acknowledge its existence.

The surroundings, that is to say, the otherwise manifested opinions of those who drew up and imposed the Edwardine Ordinal, lead us, says the Bull, to exactly the same conclusion. "The history of the times is sufficiently eloquent as to the heresies

of those men," precisely in regard to the two interconnected doctrines of the Sacrifice of the Mass and the Sacrament of Holy Orders. All who are acquainted with the literature of the time know how truly this is said. Cranmer and his party simply hated the Mass and the priesthood, and their undoubted object in substituting the new Ordinal for the old, was to abolish it and all its belongings. They professed, indeed, to be returning to primitive usage, but this meant merely that they had persuaded themselves that the Mass and the priesthood were corruptions of the primitive faith, so that this very profession is a proof of what they had in view when they took out of their new rite every phrase which seemed to them to express the hateful idea. Can the words of an Ordinal composed on these principles be deemed to signify the conveyance of a true priestly and sacrificial power such as the Catholic Church believes in? Most people, we fancy, who are not utterly dominated by prejudice, would agree with the Bull in answering, No. And if that was the original sense, stamped upon the Ordinal by the desires and intentions of its framers, it must be deemed, continues the Bull, "its native character, or spirit," a spirit which must remain inseparable from it, and prevent its being converted, in after-days, into a sufficient channel for the conveyance of a true priesthood, even when used by ministers whose ideas and intentions are more orthodox.

From the defect of *form*, Leo XIII. passes to consider the defect of *intention*, and from the outset he makes it clear that he is founding no argument on the hypothesis of purely internal withholdings of intention. The possibility of such withholdings does indeed come up for consideration in the theology of the sacraments,<sup>1</sup> but it has no bearings on the value of Anglican Orders, nor have Catholic writers ever sought to apply it to them. If this particular aspect of intention has ever been imported into the controversy, it has been imported, not by Catholics, but by Anglicans, who, not understanding its nature, have imagined it supplied them with an effective *tu quoque*. The defect of intention which the Bull describes in the ministers of the Anglican sacraments (at least in the earlier ministers), is a defect of intention clearly manifested by their words and actions. In the administration of a sacrament there must be an intention in the minister conformable to its nature. Where, says the Bull, the Church's rite is used and seriously adminis-

<sup>1</sup> Cf. *The Doctrine of Intention*. Catholic Truth Society. 1d.

tered, such an intention is presumed. But where the Church's rite is rejected as superstitious, and another substituted, the intention presumed is adverse and destructive of the sacrament. It has been suggested that this argument, referring only to manifested intention, is a mere repetition of the previous argument from the circumstances under which the Ordinal was framed. There is, however, a difference. In the one case the intention of the framers of the rites is referred to, in the other that of the ministers who use it. Although the Pope does not expressly say so, we imagine he would say, that if an Anglican holding Catholic views on Holy Orders were to use the Anglican rite, intending and showing that he intended it in a Catholic sense, there would be the invalidating defect in the rite itself, but not in the intention of the minister. Whereas, if this rite were administered, as for many years after its authorization it certainly was administered, by men whose sympathies were entirely with the intention communicated to the rite by the framers, the act of administration would be invalidated by a double defect.

Such, then, are the Pope's reasons, very different from those imputed to him by his critics, and very ably stated—although of course, the statement is confined to the principles themselves, and is not extended to a discussion of every difficulty arising out of them. For such lengthened discussions we look not to Bulls, but to theological treatises.

It remains to notice briefly the points which the Pope is supposed to have disregarded, thereby showing either his ignorance or his malice. It will be enough to speak of three.

1. He should have known, it is said, that certain ancient rites are not less destitute than the Anglican of reference to the sacrificial character of the priesthood, and yet these ancient rites are recognized as sufficient. It is not necessary to discuss the text of these ancient rites, for reasons given above. That they are so deficient in expressiveness as is alleged, may be questioned. But the point is, do they when interpreted by context and surroundings continue to bear an undefined meaning, still less contract an heterodox meaning? If there are any who say they do, these must be persons who do not themselves believe that the doctrine of the Eucharistic Sacrifice is primitive. With such persons, on the present occasion, we are not discussing. They must be met on other and broader grounds.

2. He should have known that, even if Cranmer's object in

imposing the Edwardine rite was to give expression to his rejection of the true priesthood and sacrifice, Cranmer and his allies were not the only members of the Episcopate. There were other bishops more Catholic in their sentiments. Why should not the Ordinal be interpreted by their views as much as his?

This objection assumes a good deal more than can be granted. The concurrence of the Edwardine Bishops in imposing this or any other ecclesiastical measure was very slight. But, transmitting this point, we must deny that it makes any difference what were the views of those less Protestant-minded Bishops. The Ordinal was composed by Cranmer and others in entire sympathy with him, and there is no doubt what his purpose was in making the substitution. As for the rest, inasmuch as they yielded to him, so far as to accept his rite, they must be held to have accepted it for what it was, with all its defects of form and intention.

3. He should have known that the Preface of the Ordinal distinctly announces an intention to retain the triple hierarchy of bishops, priests, and deacons, such as they had ever been "from the Apostles' times," and that Cranmer and others are known by their writings to have been opposed, not to the doctrine of a priesthood and sacrifice, but only to certain errors which had gathered round it. This is a point on which much stress has been laid by Mr. Puller, quite recently in the *Guardian*,<sup>1</sup> quoting passages from Cranmer, Jewell, Bilson, and Andrewes to sustain the contention.

It would require more space than is left to us to deal fully with this plausible theory,<sup>2</sup> but a very few words will suffice to show where it falls short. It is not to be expected that the Holy See will allow itself to be influenced by mere words. It will ask for their meaning, and go by that. Now, although the Anglican Ordinal speaks of a triple hierarchy and takes over and employs the terms "bishop," "priests," and "deacons," which were in use from time immemorial in the Catholic Church, there is sufficient evidence to show that it meant by these terms something essentially different from what the Catholic Church has always meant by them. The excision of all sacrificial language in the body of the rite is in itself a proof of this, for

<sup>1</sup> October 14, 1896.

<sup>2</sup> But cf. *Reasons for rejecting Anglican Orders*, pp. 74—90, where the beliefs of Cranmer and his set are discussed at greater length.



unless its authors were rejecting the doctrine, why should they have been so studious to do away with its expression? Hence, when the Preface says that it intends to retain Orders such as they have been "from the Apostles' times," this must be merely because its authors ascribed to the Apostles' times a doctrine which the Apostles never held, and which is heretical. By these terms the Catholic Church understands the three grades of a hierarchy of which the primary function is sacrificial, and of which each grade receives for this purpose an interior and mystical consecration. By the same terms, Cranmer and his associates meant a triple hierarchy of ministers who neither claimed nor believed in any such interior consecration, but deemed the notion superstitious and abominable. Why, then, it may be said, if they were rejecting the ancient doctrine, did they preserve the ancient terms? It was because the necessities of their position required it. They needed some species of justification for their proceedings, and they sought it in the pretension that they were returning from the bondage of later corruptions to the purity of primitive observance. Whilst advancing such pretensions, they felt the desirability of not abolishing a nomenclature which stared them in the face when they opened the volumes of the Fathers.

It was in this mind too that they professed to have retained in some way or other the use of sacrifice. They were taunted with the frequent references to an abiding sacrifice in the Patristic writings, and they had to find some place in their system for the name, even whilst abolishing the reality which it had hitherto designated. And again in this mind they endeavoured to keep the word "real" in connection with the Presence and the Eating of our Lord's Body and Blood in the Holy Eucharist, although their doctrine was a doctrine of Real Absence and merely figurative eating.

The result of this peculiarity of their religious position is that, when we open the works of these Reformers, we find them ever expressing themselves in ambiguous and equivocal language. Hence an unwary reader will be deceived by passages which seem to mean Catholic doctrine, through not suspecting that presently other sentences will follow seeming to say just the opposite. It is thus that Mr. Puller has been caught in his recent quotations in the *Guardian*. We have looked them all up, and have found that they are all delusive in the way described. But as it would be impossible to examine

them all here, we must content ourselves with selecting a single instance as a specimen. Let us take Jewell. Harding had charged the Protestant party with having "abandoned the external sacrifice and priesthood of the New Testament," and Jewell responds thus, as Mr. Puller truly says: "Untruth. For we have abandoned neither the priesthood nor the sacrifice that Christ appointed."<sup>1</sup> This seems direct enough, though the final phrase "that Christ appointed" already causes us to suspect. But lower down comes the following passage, and let the reader ask himself whether a Catholic would have dreamt of responding to the charge in such a manner:

Have we no external sacrifice, say you? I beseech you what sacrifice did Christ in His Apostles ever command that we have refused? . . . We have the sacrifice of prayer, the sacrifice of alms-deeds, the sacrifice of thanksgiving, and the sacrifice of the death of Christ. We are taught to present our own bodies as a pure, a holy, and a well-pleasing sacrifice unto God, and to offer unto him the burning oblation of our lips. These be the sacrifices of the Church of God. Whoever hath these we cannot say he is void of sacrifice. Howbeit, if we speak of a sacrifice propitiatory for the satisfaction of sins, we have none other but only Christ Jesus, the Son of God, upon the Cross.<sup>2</sup>

The quibbles of these tricksters are not always so easy as this to unravel, but there is a test which will usually prove satisfactory. Any true belief in the Priesthood implies a true belief in the Real Presence, and in the Eucharist as a true external Sacrifice, and not merely, as the Bull says, a bare commemoration of the Sacrifice of Calvary. Thus these doctrines are closely bound together. Again, belief in the true Priesthood involves belief that it is a gift special to the priest, not enjoyed equally by the laity: a true belief in the Real Presence carries with it by necessary consequence the practice of adoring our Lord present on the altar: whilst a true belief in the Sacrifice of the Mass involves the belief that it is good to hear Mass, even if one is not prepared to go then and there to Communion. The High Church Anglicans themselves illustrate this in their present efforts to restore these usages. But, if we try the writings of the Anglican Reformers by these three tests, we shall always find their Protestantism come out clearly and unmistakably. We shall invariably find them insisting that the priesthood of the laity is equal to that of the minister; that adoration is only to be offered to our Lord

<sup>1</sup> iii. p. 320. Parker Society's Edition.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* 336.



as in Heaven, by no means as present on the altar ; that solitary Masses are an abomination in the eyes of God. We are speaking of the Reformers, that is, of the early Anglicans, in whose generation the new system was established. Substantially the same might be said, as Cardinal Newman has testified,<sup>1</sup> of the Anglican divines generally down to the present century, although unquestionably there was some slight doctrinal advance in the Caroline period. This, however, does not concern us. By that time the character of the Anglican ministry had been irretrievably determined for better or for worse.

Here we must leave the subject, claiming to have furnished evidence that Leo XIII. has not acted with an insufficient sense of responsibility, or with an inadequate acquaintance with the facts, but has given us the results of a most searching and conscientious investigation, undertaken in the spirit of fervent charity. What then? Even if he be not, as we Catholics firmly hold him to be, the divinely appointed Guardian of the Faith, at least he is the Chief Bishop of by far the largest Christian community in the world. Surely his instructions, his arguments, and his exhortations merit, not to be misrepresented, but to be seriously and prayerfully studied by those to whom they are addressed—and they are addressed to Anglicans much more than to Catholics. Will it, then, be excessive to conclude by borrowing from Lord Halifax the admirable sentence with which he concluded his article in the May number of the *Nineteenth Century*, adapting to the present occasion what he there said in reference to the Letter *ad Anglos*? May we not say to those whose hearts aspire after Reunion, and whose minds are not utterly dominated by prejudice: "Will (you) . . . not be inspired by such words coming from one so close to the confines of another world, and . . . allow Leo XIII., before his departure hence, to see some fruits of his earnest and persevering efforts on behalf of the peace of Christ, and the welfare of the children of God on earth?"

S. F. S.

<sup>1</sup> Preface to Hutton's *Anglican Ministry*.

### *"Ignorance and Arrogance."*

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FOR practical polemics there is nothing like a good catch-word: it is worth any amount of logic or erudition. The political party is undone which cannot find a cry with which to go to the hustings—it is half the battle to get hold of the best cry, and the other half to shout it loudest and longest. In like manner, the experience of three hundred years has taught Anglican divines that if they would carry the people with them, neither arguments nor disquisitions are half so effective as a pithy phrase with a good ring about it, taking for granted the whole question at issue, which everybody can catch up. Almost fifty years ago, Cardinal Newman pointed out how nothing has more powerfully contributed to commend the National Church to the sympathies of Englishmen than their common dislike of the means by which truth ought to be discovered. The English mind is naturally indisposed alike to theological and historical arguments, regarding both as theoretical and unreal. It prefers something which goes straight to the point with no beating about the bush, which does not require too much thought, and bears a purport which is plain to every intelligence. Such a temper exactly suits the exigencies of a Church, two main characteristics of which are its want of past history and its want of fixed teaching. No doubt, its advocates have been compelled upon occasion to investigate and to argue; but they have done so because it had to be done, not because they had any taste for it. "They were obliged to say what it was that they held; and to prove it they were obliged to recur to ecclesiastical history; . . . but they have done so because they could not help it; they did so for the moment; they did so for a purpose; they did so as an *argumentum ad hominem*; but they did so as little as they could, and they soon left off doing so,"<sup>1</sup> for the atmosphere of philosophy or antiquity is uncongenial to their creed—"it

<sup>1</sup> *Present Position of Catholics*, p. 54. Third Edition.

dips into reason, it dips into history, but it breathes more freely when it emerges again."

Accordingly, as on a famous occasion nothing was found at once so simple and so effective as to vociferate "Great is Diana of the Ephesians," so such shibboleths as "No Popery," or "The Church in danger," or "Papal Aggression," or "Leave us an open Bible," or "The Devil, the Pope, and the Pretender," or "Catholic disloyalty," or "Divided Allegiance," or "No foreign Prince or Potentate," have time out of mind done yeoman's service in the perennial struggle to set the minds of our countrymen implacably against the faith of their fathers.

But now, it will be said, we have changed all that. What is the Church of England to-day, if not scientific and argumentative? Does she not take her stand upon Continuity? Do not her representatives hold the field of history, so as to boast, with the Bishop of Stepney, that Romanists have abandoned it to them? Cannot her divines pull to pieces every Papal document that appears, and make it manifest how hopelessly at sea is the Pope when he ventures upon theology?

Without doubt it is quite true that if assumptions were the same thing as proofs, or if a point were demonstrated by talking about it, the Church of England would within the last few years have vindicated her title to what is claimed for her. But, as things actually are, her latest phase is but one exemplification the more of her immemorial character. The temper of the times forces her to play a new part, but she plays it on the old principles. Obviously, it is much easier to prove her continuity by printing a list of Archbishops commencing with St. Augustine and terminating with Dr. Benson,<sup>1</sup> or by nick-naming a rival communion the "Italian Mission," than it is to answer the pertinent question, "What, then, did happen at the Reformation?" or to find reasons for supposing that the men who built our cathedrals would have regarded Anglicanism as anything better than heresy and schism. Accordingly, while in theological discussions we find all crucial points carefully avoided, and while a few well-selected incidents, each with a good gloss, are made to pass for history—no point being reasoned out, nor any course of facts steadily surveyed—all discords and defects

<sup>1</sup> This was written before the late Archbishop's lamented death. Wide as were our differences, we should be sorry to allow this opportunity to pass without an expression of our hearty recognition of the high qualities he exhibited during his long and active career.

are covered by a vigorous beating of the good old Protestant drum, for that is still the instrument, whatever attempts may be made to garnish it with a new label. The right of Englishmen to go their own way in religion, as in politics; the iniquity of expecting them to submit to a creed not of home production; the absurdity of thinking that any truth which they cannot discover for themselves can be of any consequence; or that any one but an Englishman can have been appointed as their teacher; the intolerable conceit involved in any contrary supposition—here is something solid and satisfactory to go upon; principles such as these, concentrated in appropriate phraseology, and diligently scattered among the multitude, are sure to be swallowed whole and to work the effect which is desired.

The latest contribution to the store of such articles is of considerable interest, inasmuch as it comes from the Bishop of Peterborough, who is, we know, "a very erudite and eminent ecclesiastical historian," whose authority is proclaimed as paramount, and beneath whose ægis others feel that they may discharge their shafts in security. He, surely, may be trusted, if any one, to beg no questions, and jump at no conclusions, and to use words only with a clear and definite meaning imperatively suggested by established facts.

Speaking, the other day,<sup>1</sup> to his diocesan clergy, Bishop Creighton instructed them amongst other things concerning the Pope's condemnation of Anglican Orders, and, as we are told, in the plenitude of his historical knowledge, rejected the Papal decision as contrary to history. The Roman jurisdiction, he informed his hearers, rests mainly upon "Ignorance and Arrogance." It did so in the past, and this was the reason why our ancestors abolished it; and for political reasons alone they were therefore regarded as revolted provinces, to be reduced by fair means or foul. The theory of the Papal Monarchy, continued the Bishop, is un-historical, and its maintenance has cost the Church of Rome much. But she cannot learn by experience, and although Anglicans, till officially notified to the contrary, might charitably hope that she had grown wiser, they must now regretfully recognize that she is blind to the importance of the Church of England, which with its expanding borders has become a great factor in Christendom.

It certainly does not appear that any great plenitude of knowledge should be requisite for an utterance such as this.

<sup>1</sup> September 30.

Others besides erudite and eminent historians can make assertions, which if proved would be very well, but failing that do not greatly signify. Were the case as the Bishop states it, there would, of course, be an end of all difference of opinion amongst rational men; but a demonstration is one thing, and an *ipse dixit* is another. There can, however, be no doubt that "Ignorance and Arrogance" is good. It is a fine example of the dogmatic phrase, extremely well adapted for repetition, taking everything for granted, yet sounding rather instructive, and calculated to impress such as refrain from asking what it means.

Arrogance is, no doubt, a highly objectionable quality, so long associated with priests and their pretensions that it may safely be charged against any exercise of their prerogatives, for a "haughty prelate" is as much of a stock phrase as "the swift-footed Achilles," or "the perfidious Hannibal." But apart from this, how is the charge substantiated in the particular instance before us? A definite question had been raised upon a point which is confessedly of supreme importance. All who believe in Holy Orders at all, believe some conditions to be essential for their validity, and that unless these conditions be fulfilled no Orders are conferred. Anglicans claim to derive their Orders from the Church of Rome, and the Head of that Church was urged to declare whether in the view of Catholic theology the conditions requisite for validity have been duly fulfilled in Anglican ordinations. Having carefully examined the matter, he answers that they have not. Therefore he is arrogant. He should have considered, not what seemed to him to be true, but what was likely to be expedient, and have so framed his verdict as to gratify those who wished it to be favourable.

This is the sort of thing which is quite unintelligible and bewildering to the minds of Catholics. What possible bearing has it upon the question at issue, that the Church of England has "expanded her borders," and obtained, in the wake of British enterprise, an importance which of old she did not possess? Are her Orders likely to be the more valid because they have been exported to Cape Town and Hong Kong? Anglicans, Dr. Creighton tells us, charitably hoped that in her old age Rome had at length learnt worldly wisdom; if she could but recognize accomplished facts, and trim her sails accordingly, they were generously willing to receive her into

fellowship, and salute her with the kiss of peace. What is this but to say that the one condition on which Anglicanism can place the Catholic Church on its own level is that she should acknowledge herself to be an impostor, that she should renounce the one claim which justifies her existence, by proclaiming that God's truth has not been committed to her keeping, that He has appointed no means whereby it may be known with certitude what He would have men believe; that those who differ as to doctrine are all equally right,—which cannot be unless they are all equally wrong?

Does it not appear to common sense that arrogance such as hers must ever characterize any teacher who is competent for his office? that if there be not a voice in the world thus peremptory in insisting that truth alone is true, there can be no Church to which we need trouble ourselves to listen :

Not sparkles shattered into sects like you ;  
One is the Church, and must be to be true ;  
The self-same doctrine of the sacred page,  
Conveyed to every clime in every age.

It must, however, be fully acknowledged that Anglicanism is absolutely free from all suspicion of such arrogance. On the contrary, it is ever willing to learn from those it undertakes to teach what is the message they desire to hear, and to modify its doctrine according to the varying moods of the world. As the Archbishop of York recently asked, at Shrewsbury, "Are there not, in the estimation of most of us, one or two at least of the Thirty-nine Articles which might be brought more into accordance with the needs as well as the spirit of the present day?"

But if Leo XIII. is arrogant in his recent decision, what shall we say of Theodore, Archbishop of Canterbury, a prelate in whom it is the fashion just now to discern a good Anglican, though they who seek evidence to such effect from his own testimony will assuredly find that they have their work before them? That he was right in his pronouncements as to Orders, we do not pretend, for he went far beyond Leo XIII. or any other Pontiff, which will perhaps recommend his authority to Dr. Creighton and his friends. Theodore not only laid down<sup>1</sup> that any one ordained by heretics must be reordained, but insisted on the reconsecration of St. Chad, for, though he had been consecrated by an undoubted Bishop, two British prelates

<sup>1</sup> *Penitential*, v. 1; Haddan and Stubbs, iii. 180.



had assisted at the ceremony, who did not accept the Catholic rule as to the keeping of Easter.<sup>1</sup> What he would have thought of Matthew Parker and his fellows, it is needless to inquire.

The other count in the indictment we have heard, is that of "Ignorance." This lamentable quality the Pope appears to exhibit by not recognizing the Church of England as Catholic, nay, as *the* Catholic Church so far as English territory is concerned. So Bishop Creighton implies, and so Canon Knox Little explicitly declares in his marvellous letter to the *Times*,<sup>2</sup> which was apparently intended to show Catholics how dogmatizing should be done. The small Roman community in England, he pronounces, is in a manifest state of schism, separated as it is from the Catholic Church in this country, and transferring its allegiance from the old Catholic hierarchy of England to the new Roman hierarchy of 1850.

In other words, it is mere ignorance to imagine that the Church of England is the child of the Reformation, that she is what she has always proclaimed herself to be, what all her children, till within a very few years, have boasted of her as being, and the great majority at this day still imagine that she is. It is inexcusable to doubt her right to a character which she has ever repudiated, and not to recognize the patent fact that the one object of Queen Elizabeth was to prevent religion from being changed, and that all the machinery of the penal laws was needed to withstand the tide of innovation. Unless we are blind to every spark of reason, we are bidden to recognize the truth that religion is mainly a matter of geography, that it is a chameleon, adapting its hue to its racial environment. Among Latin races, the Latin Communion is the Catholic Church. Among Anglo-Saxons it is a schism, and if we would be at one with our mediæval forefathers, we must, so long as we are within the four seas, turn our back on those who hold every article of the creed they held, and cast in our lot with a body which has been at pains to stigmatize the chief articles of that creed as blasphemous fables and dangerous deceits.

Ignorance such as this certainly appears to be not inexcusable, nor does it number those alone amongst its victims whom the issues at stake may be supposed to blind. Where shall we find the dry light of science and common-sense more unclouded by passion or prepossession than among the librarians of the British Museum? Yet, opening the catalogue prepared

<sup>1</sup> Bede, *Hist. Eccl.* iii. 28, and iv. 2.

<sup>2</sup> October 3rd.

by them, we discover ignorance as blank as our own concerning that wonderful continuity which we are bidden to recognize under pain of being unhistorical, for the rites of Sarum, of York, of Bangor, and of Aberdeen, are one and all unfeelingly set down as "Liturgies of the Church of Rome."

Still more remarkable is another fact. Though we are so peremptorily assured that the Roman Communion in England is but a schism, and a paltry schism too, insignificant as to numbers, and quite recent as to origin—although it be but an "Italian Mission," an exotic on our soil, drawing no nourishment or inspiration from the old Catholic stock of other days—those who are loudest in their protestations against her, and most resolutely withhold from her representatives even such recognition of their ecclesiastical character as mere courtesy should require, seem unable to divest themselves of an uneasy sub-consciousness that after all it is from her they must learn how Catholicism ought to look and act in the world of to-day, and that only by copying from her can they hope to pose as its representatives. How shall we otherwise explain the wholesale adoption of everything which, though confessedly not ancient, is yet distinctively hers? The Roman collar for priests, purple cassocks for Bishops, the title of "Father," the tabernacle on the altar, the "Three Hours" on Good Friday, Missions and Retreats, does any one suppose that these things, and a score of others, were known to St. Augustine, to St. Anselm, or to Robert Grosseteste, any more than to the days when George III. was King? But as the most doughty champion the Anglican system ever found, was, in spite of himself, driven to the conviction, that were the great prelates of antiquity to come back to earth and visit his well-loved Oxford, "they would turn from many a high aisle and solemn cloister which they found there, and ask the way to some small chapel where Mass was said, in the populous alley or the forlorn suburb," even so it is clearly felt that the brick-and-mortar continuity secured for the Church of England by forcible seizure of the edifices where the ancient faith expressed herself in stone, has not availed to perpetuate her spirit, that if we would have not her marble effigy but her living and breathing form, we must seek it amongst those, however scant in numbers and lowly in position, who for two centuries and more underwent cruel persecution, precisely because they would not abandon the old for the new.



That the Holy See will ever cease to be arrogant, if it be arrogance to speak the plain truth, or will stultify not itself alone but the very idea of Christianity by bartering principle for popularity, the world might by this time have ceased "charitably to hope." Nor does it appear more probable that Catholic ignorance will be dispelled until arguments are brought to which it is possible to attach a meaning. As it is, when we enter the field of such discussion we encounter what appear to be the ghosts of words which have parted with all their significance. The Bishop of Peterborough declares the Church of England to be at once Catholic and National; according to the late Archbishop of Canterbury, she is Holy, Catholic, Protestant, and Reformed. It seems about as hopeful to inquire what may be the physical constitution of a boiled snowball.

Still more extraordinary was an utterance of the Bishop of Lichfield, from the presidential chair of the recent Church Congress at Shrewsbury. "It must be remembered," said his Lordship, "that the divisions of Christendom could not affect the real oneness of Christ's Church, and that in the sight of God the Catholic Church and the whole human race are potentially one." What this may signify, who shall say? Every good man is potentially wicked, and every bad man potentially good; if he were not, he could not be bad. The property of every man belongs potentially to every other; no unity can be imagined amongst men which is not potentially full of discord. Even the Church of England herself is potentially united, in spite of the hostile schools which struggle for mastery within her bosom, all claiming with equal assurance to represent her genuine spirit. But two things are beyond the power even of the immortal gods to alter, Mathematics and the Past, and not even potentially can the self-styled English Branch of the Church Catholic vindicate its identity with the Anglicanism of a century ago, to say nothing of the ancient Church.

J. G.

*A Rosebud White in Paradise.*

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IN the midmost Bower of Paradise  
A bud the Mother nursed ;  
A bud that should have been a Rose,  
But the frost had seized it first ;  
And she waited long and wistfully,  
For the blossom-sheath to burst.

But the Bridegroom spake without the door,  
The door of the Maiden Bower :  
"O My Mother, have I not waited long,  
And been patient many an hour?  
And dost thou still delay Me,  
And keep from Me My flower?"

"But oh! my Son," the Mother said,  
"This one has greatly dared ;  
And steep and awful were the paths,  
And long was the way she fared ;  
And never another pilgrim  
His cup with her hath shared.

"Can one pass to the bride-chamber  
Straight from the Cross away ?  
First in my Bower to rest awhile,  
The travelled Bride must stay,  
And feel the warmth of mother-hands,  
To bathe, and to array.

"It needeth the dews of Paradise,  
The weary feet to steep;  
It needeth the balms of Paradise,  
For the wounds were sore and deep;  
And the breeze that blows over Paradise,  
With lulling sound of sleep."

And the winds of heaven blew soft and south,  
Till a sweet sleep slowly stole;  
And the deep, deep dews of the garden of God  
Washed over the white soul;  
And the dropping tears of balsam trees  
The bruised flower made whole.

And ever and ever unfolded  
The rosebud on her knee;  
And ever fuller and fuller  
To a White Rose perfectly;  
A Queen of Roses in fragrance,  
And in virginity.

And, listening for a sound within,  
Again the Bridegroom spake:  
"Hath she not travelled far to Me,  
And suffered for My sake?  
And now it is My hour at last;  
When will My Bride awake?"

Her voice was low, and full of tears:  
"So late from Calvary!  
I have these long life-hurts to heal,  
Remembering Thee and me.  
Some come to me like sleeping babes;  
But this was like to Thee.

“ Oh, thirsting through the wilderness,  
This one went long and long ;  
And sought Thy face, and found it not ;  
And still, for Love's sake strong,  
Rejected, bore Thy Cross for Thee,  
Patient through all Thy wrong.”

But the Bridegroom's voice was passionate :  
“ Mother, deny Me not !

I too, unseen, through the passes went,  
While the scorching noon was hot ;  
I was watching, too, through winter nights,  
My Rose without a spot !”

The Mother rose, and stepped across,  
And did the door uncloset ;  
She smiled serenely on her Son,  
The smile He only knows ;  
She gave into the Bridegroom's hand  
The Rose, the bridal Rose.

The Bridegroom held it tenderly,  
His Rose so white and wan ;  
And as He gazed on it, the tears  
Down the face of the Bridegroom ran,  
The Bridegroom's face, that was fairer  
Than any face of Man.

The Bridegroom laid it on His breast ;  
And in a swift surprise  
Trembled the pale white Rose, and flushed  
With colour of sunrise ;  
And deepened to the heart of hearts,  
Rose-red of Paradise.

The heavens dissolved in music,  
And the music in a mist ;  
The Secret of that crimson cloud  
Nor Saint nor Seraph wist ;  
For none beheld the Bridegroom's face,  
As the red Rose He kissed.

MARIA MONICA.

## *Indian Sketches in Black and White.*

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### V.—THE NUREMBERG OF INDIA.

It is a matter of no small wonderment that Ahmedabad—the ancient capital of the Guzerati Sultans and stronghold of the northern Jains—should receive so little notice from those travellers who come “o’er lands and seas,” avowedly to study the rare and exquisite art of the great Empire. Ahmedabad is at once the Birmingham and Manchester, the Nuremberg and Frankfort of India, all rolled into one prosperous, dirty, artistic city, the paradise and school of students in wood-carving, and the home of an untidy-looking Guzerati population numbering a hundred and forty thousand. From the time of its foundation, when the fifteenth century was young, its vicissitudes have been many and great; and now for the third time it has risen, like a phoenix from its ashes, a still living and enduring monument of Hindu-Jaina art in its most characteristic purity. For the artisans and labourers of Ahmedabad dwell in houses, one panel or one bracket of which one would gladly carry home, at the cost of its own weight in rupees, to show England what can be and what has been done in wood-carving. And there are streets of such houses and miles of such streets. When it is a question of selection for purposes of sketching or photography, one feels absolutely swamped in quantities of good and desirable things, and it is hard to know where to begin and when to stop. The cornices and friezes, the pillars supporting the upper projecting stories, the brackets, the jambs of the doors and, often, the doors themselves are covered with carving so delicate, so relieved, and so clean that it might have been cut yesterday, though the hands that fashioned it have been dead for centuries.

From all time it would appear to have been a necessity and instinct of the Hindu nature to beautify their surroundings, and in Ahmedabad, though a subject race, they have worthily

fulfilled their traditions by expending measureless labour and boundless, loving patience over the decorations of their dwellings, the timbers of which they have covered with fanciful and floriated traceries, diapers, and niche-work, which would make Adam Krafft himself hold his breath in wonder; for there is nothing, even in the early work of Germany or Belgium, which can equal it.

The endless variety of geometrical designs evolved by the iconoclastic Mahomedans, who would tolerate no semblance of living thing in their art, are in strong contrast to the flowers, foliage, birds, and beasts—conventionalized and interwoven—of the nature-worshipping Hindus; and both are to be found in their most perfect form in Ahmedabad, where the Moslim usurpers of the land of Guzerat had to subordinate their own forms and ornaments to the higher art of the people whom they had conquered, and to leave to them the beautifying of the city which, in the fifteenth century, they set about rearing. The Jaina temples which they dilapidated and despoiled were turned to the purpose of constructing their own mosques. The roof of the Jumma Musjid—one of the most beautiful mosques in India—is supported on two hundred and sixty pillars, not one of which was ever wrought by Moslim hand, nor meant to enrich Mahomedan mosque, but which were plunder from the countless temples and shrines which the conquering Saracenic race considered it their mission to abolish. At the threshold of the main entrance, under the principal and most beautiful archway—and here the arch is inserted as a distinctive religious symbol—there is a large slab of black marble embedded in the pavement, the base of a Jaina idol which was sunk, head-downwards, on this spot in order that the faithful might continuously tread it underfoot.

One thing which Mahomedanism has *not* succeeded in treading out is the artistic genius and native architecture of the Jains. And this no one will deny who sees the Temple of Hutti Sing which has been completed only within the last fifty years. Pass by the Delhi Gate, beyond the city walls, and there you will find in this dignified pile an example of the purest and most excellent Jaina style, and which, "whether looked at from its courts or from the outside, possesses variety without confusion, and an appropriateness of every part to the purpose for which it was intended." Neither has their fervour waxed cold, if it may be gauged by the sordid test of money;



for this temple cost one million of rupees and was the work of one man, a rich Jaina merchant.

The mosques of Ahmedabad are countless, and among them that of Queen Sipri is pre-eminently beautiful. For the sake of its poetry and romance one would wish to believe the pretty story which tells how Ahmedabad owed its very being to the "dark loveliness" of the daughter of Assa, the Bheil chieftain whose dwelling was near the shores of the Sabarmati River; and how that the great Sultan had chosen that vicinity for the site of his princely city in order to be near her. But history is stern and facts are hard, and both go to prove that Sipri was Ahmed's daughter-in-law and not his wife. Be that, however, as it may, Sipri's little mosque is the most beautiful thing in this beautiful city. And mosque though it be—with its domes and its terraced and bracketed minarets—there is no suggestion of the Saracenic arch in the whole building, but "every part is such as only a Hindu queen could order, and only Hindu artists could carve." Whether she ever worshipped in it is another thing, for though these aborigines of India profess a form of Hinduism, their religion is really a gloomy fanaticism and devil-worship which holds its adherents in an extraordinary thralldom, and it is hardly likely that the daughter of a Bheil chieftain, sultana though she was, would ever bring herself to kneel in a Mahomedan mosque.

India is, *par excellence*, the home and country of birds. They possess the land and multiply, and the diversity of their kinds is legion, from the high-caste pea-fowl of Rajputana, to the homely sparrow and pariah crow of Bombay. In many Indian cities the birds are daily cared for and fed more religiously than are the poor of our people at home, but in no place had we seen them so daintily housed as at Ahmedabad. Nearly every street has its own pagoda-shaped birds' house—not cage—raised from the ground on pillars to the height of a lamp-post and beautified with delicately wrought carving of exquisite design. To these refuges the feathered folk of Ahmedabad resort for shelter and to feed and drink from the stores which are daily supplied to them at the expense of the city merchants. They are the relics of the ancient Jaina supremacy, and its successors of the present day have inherited both its traditions and its tender reverence for nature in a sufficient degree to perpetuate this beautiful old custom.

To photograph or sketch in the beautiful purlieus of

Ahmedabad demanded some resolution ; for no sooner was the camera planted than a concourse of eager, interested people gathered about us, stopping the traffic and—courteous, gentle, and anxious to help as they were—very effectually impeding operations. The inmates of the houses came out and looked with puzzled wonder, first at us and then at their own dwellings, to see what we could possibly find in the, sometimes, mouldering timbers to admire. The greatest pleasure we could afford them—such, at least, as were Hindus—was to put them into the pictures ; and that we were always ready to do ; though, as a race, they are not so pictorial as the peoples of Southern India nor even as the Rajputs. They are fairer in colour—of a sort of golden-brown—and they look what they are, the people of a manufacturing town. For the men of Ahmedabad stand high among the handicraftsmen of India. Their brocades are unsurpassed, their metal work renowned, and their carving is a gift of inheritance from the days of Anhulwara, the city of their ancient magnificence—so rudely wrested from them by the emissary of Toghluks II., the Tartar King of Delhi.

In the open spaces round about the city outskirts women may be seen winding cotton in a primitive fashion into immense skeins for the purpose of dyeing. The cotton is wound on an enormous spool which spins round on a handle, and this they hold aloft in the left hand, whilst with the right they guide the thread, by means of a long, forked wand (which bends like a fishing-rod), round four stakes that are driven into the ground quadrangularly, about two yards apart. As they, in the midst of the square thus formed, move rapidly round from stake to stake, transferring to them the cotton from the spool, the folds of their sarees, the curve of their limbs, and the grace of their motion, have more of beauty in them than any nautch that ever was danced before rajah or daintiest measure that ever was trod on footboards.

Another pleasant sight were the women in the cornfields between Ahmedabad and Sirkej, where their garments made gorgeous splashes of Indian red or indigo blue amid the vivid, delicate green of the barley, and their brazen and silver anklets and bangles glinted and gleamed under the sunshine. Those same statuesque, queenly, bronze women may also be seen making bricks, watering roads, and even roofing houses. But if you see them near at hand you find them uncomely of feature and labour-worn, and in many of their faces there is a look

which tells plainly that the burden of their lives is almost greater than they can bear.

It would be an irony to designate as a *road* the track which leads through those fields to Sirkej. It resembles rather a dried-up, sandy river-bed, through which a carriage must plough and jolt its way as best it may—the crowning grievance lying in the fact that there are two tolls to pay *en route*. The cornfields and trees on either side of the way were peopled by monstrous monkeys with white whiskers which, except for their black twining tails that were twice as long as themselves and which hung like writhing snakes from the boughs upon which they squatted, very much resembled the old men among the villagers whose grain they pilfer and whose fruit-trees they rob, and who, out of deference to Hanuman, the monkey-god of war, would upon no account hinder, much less punish their depredations.

Soon after leaving Ahmedabad by the city gate of Jamalpur, you cross the broad Sabarmati River ;—that is to say, it *will* be a broad river again after the rains. At present, in this month of March, it is so diminished and reduced as to transform its belt of rolling water into sundry channels, which split and diverge and re-unite, disclosing islets and borders of yellow sand. As we crossed the bridge the river-bed beneath us looked like a fancy fair, so thronged was it with *dhobies* and laundresses. The golden sands were glowing with colour, both of that of the clothing that was drying and of the draperies of the women. Here, too, was solved the mystery of the lavish supply of fruits and vegetables and sumptuous piles of melons to be found in the Ahmedabad Bazaar. For this same warm, yellow sand seems to be possessed of some specially life-giving properties, favourable above all to the growth of melons, of which there is a rich golden harvest in the beds which have been enclosed for their cultivation.

Two miles beyond the bridge, upon the left of the road, there rises an ungainly domed building, said to be the tomb of Azam and Mozam, the architects of Sirkej. If they designed it for themselves, their humility must have been profound. And if, as is more likely, they owe it to posterity, they have shared the common fate of great architects and been ill-required—so far as popular recognition is concerned—for the impressively beautiful group of buildings, yet four miles further on, which owes its being to them. Hindus they must unquestionably have

been, for, city of mosques and tombs though Sirkej be, there is no suggestion of an arch in the whole pile. The domes are supported on pillars with bracketed capitals of pure Hindu work, and throughout the entire buildings the style is another most interesting and curious example of the interweaving of Jaina art, exquisite in its grace, its poetry, and its finish, with the larger requirements and nobler proportions of the Mahomedans. Mahomet Shah, "the Merciful," who, in 1445, built the first tomb at Sirkej in honour of his father's friend, was, like the rest of the Saracenic builders of Ahmedabad, dependent on Hindu—or, more strictly speaking, on Jaina architects, for producing the wonderful group of tombs which, with their countless pillars and domed roofs, make up the city of the dead at Sirkej. Mahomet's Hindu Queen, to whose father, the Rajah of Edur, he had restored his lost dominions, recompensed this act of generous clemency by—with true Rajput facility—poisoning her spouse not many years after his succession. This doubtless accounts for there being no tombs at Sirkej in memory of its founder, whose career was thus cut short before he had accomplished one of the principal achievements in the lives of all princes of Tartar race.

Such is Sirkej, with its tombs and its mosques full of ghosts and memories and its tank full of alligators; a fact which in nowise deterred the men and boys of the adjacent hamlet from risking their lives in the cause of *bakshish*, by diving from the heights of the terraces into the still, black water which drowns at their base. Neither did they shrink from the incidental rats which slipped, in a shadowy fashion, in and out at the margin; nor yet from a snake which lay coiled, treacherously still, on the sun-baked ledge. These, indeed, were the only signs of life in the sad and silent district. And as we drove from the place, the black, nude figures standing motionless on the crest of the terrace walls, outlining themselves against the setting sun, were the last we saw of Sirkej.

How is it that India preserves the art of being beautiful and graceful in the midst of commerce and manufacture and money-getting? All three of which are such potent causes in demeaning and vulgarizing the peoples of European nations, even to the extent of decivilizing them. The "steam-fiend" reached Ahmedabad long ago. It carries you to the city gate and roars

and shrieks in their cotton factories. Industries flourish and trade guilds abound. Yet the people remain what they always were, full of simplicity, and with their sense of beauty undulled and undiminished. Their life is full of colour, though their days are full of work. Go to the carpet factory in Ahmedabad, and you will find there nothing coarse, nothing squalid, nothing paltry nor gross; only a number of open sheds round a great quadrangle, in each of which is set up an enormous carpet frame. Behind each frame squats a row of little boys making the carpet—a very fine one of twelve stitches to the inch—whilst in front of it the pattern reader parades up and down, calling out the number of stitches and their colour, as though he were reading a story, to each small worker as he passes; and receiving, as quick as thought, the answering “aye” from the child-voices behind the upright frame which screens him from them. The reader stopped, and I peeped behind the frame to meet the gaze of a row of dark, serious, wondering eyes, looking out of little, bronze, Guzerati faces, upon each of which a glimmering smile was disclosing the inevitable milk-white teeth. I doubt if the same number of English Fifth or Sixth Standard School Board children could be found capable of the same ready apprehension and deft skill of finger.

In the same place men were carving in *shesham*, or spurious ebony, and reproducing some of the inimitable art of their own city. Models of the two world-renowned windows of Sidi Said’s Mosque, the traceries of each of which is formed of one tree—the trunk and branches, the stems and foliage, “conventionalized,” as Mr. Fergusson says, “just to the extent required for the purpose,” were being carved at enormous cost for an American lady who had had the taste to appreciate their incomparable loveliness. In this city of mosques and sculptured houses it is not hard to find models for either pencil or chisel, and an artist in wood-carving might spend months of study in the unique old place. For unique it certainly is. And that constitutes one of the marvels of India—that each of its cities and each of its art-treasures has a stamp and character peculiarly its own. Comparisons may be drawn and analogies discovered. Relative causes and effects may be traced; for race has subjugated race, and one form of religion has dominated and crushed another, thus producing a curious and interesting interweaving of styles. But gorgeous, barbaric Madura differs as widely from graceful, intellectual Dilwarra,

as do the superb red granite palaces of Delhi and Agra from the white, pearly beauty of Ouderpur or the coral-like city of Jeypore.

One might draw contrasts *ad infinitum*, and always find the characteristics and aspirations of the varied races who have peopled the great continent clearly expressed in their work; finding thereby an object lesson in studying the beauty of forms which we have never even dreamt of, and learning that "architecture is as many-sided as human nature itself, and that few are the feelings and aspirations of the human heart and brain that cannot be expressed by its means."<sup>1</sup>

S. H. DUNN.

<sup>1</sup> Fergusson.



### *A Public Work in China.*

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THE foreign settlements of Shanghai are fast assuming the appearance of a modern manufacturing city. Within the last six years forty-eight factories have been established, raising the number to fifty-three in all. During the past winter of 1895—1896, building was carried on so actively, that work was in some instances arrested from the want of brick. The project of an electric tramway has been entertained by the ratepayers of the Anglo-American municipality, and there are some prospects of a railroad to connect the port with Soo-chow, a large commercial city recently opened to foreign commerce by the treaty with Japan.

With such signs of modern progress around them, the foreign residents of this favoured region of Cathay may expect soon to see the old methods, reverently handed down through so many centuries, give place to steam-engines and whirring machinery. The old women and the little girls will no longer be seen at their spinning-wheels, and the busy clack of the loom will be heard no more under the thatch of the peasant's roof. The village tradesman will seek the city to serve a machine, and the wheel-barrow man will find employment as engine-driver or stoker. The old methods are not without their picturesque attraction for an observer, but modern progress seems at last to have set its foot firmly upon the coast, and it is not probable that even all the prejudice of China, with her three or four hundred millions, supported by their traditions of forty centuries, can arrest the march of steam and iron.

Not only in the industries and the daily lives of the people are the old methods preserved, but the civil administration and public works are conducted to-day just as they have been for thousands of years, at least from the time of the tyrant of Tsin, who built the great wall, and consolidated the Government into its present centralized form. The foreign residents of Shanghai

have recently had an excellent opportunity of observing the interesting method of conducting a modern public work in China. It was the improvement of a rather important canal, which connects Shanghai with the neighbouring towns to the west, and which by a system of waterways communicates with Song-kiang. The latter city is the *Foo*, or prefectural capital from which Shanghai, as a simple district city, or sub-prefecture, holds its civil dependence. The canals in this region are important thoroughfares, for there are no waggon-roads, and the only vehicle that the foot-paths permit of is the wheel-barrow. The tides, which at Shanghai rise at the spring eight or ten feet, make themselves felt far up the canals, and as the water is from the great Yang-tse, it carries a large amount of mud in suspension, and deposits it between the ebb and the flow. Thus it becomes necessary to clean the canals at least every eight or ten years, or the important traffic upon them would be rendered quite impossible.

The improvement of a canal is not considered exactly an affair of the Government. The mandarins, indeed, exercise a sort of high supervision over the work, but the initiative, as well as the conduct of the enterprise, are generally left to the merchants and the interested public. A canal becomes shallow and narrow, large boats are impeded, and at low tide completely block up the passage, the rice and cotton merchants in the city are inconvenienced, the little mail-boats are sometimes retarded, and finally the public patience, even in China, is quite exhausted, and it is declared that the canal must be improved. The matter is then taken up by a semi-official class of personages, known as the *tong-tse*, or administrators. Every city, town, and village has its *tong-tse*, who, without any recognized position in the administration, acts as intermediary between the mandarin and the people, holding his position partly by consent of the mandarin, and partly by popular choice. He is generally a person of wealth or of ease, and his influence over the mandarin is so considerable as to temper by a weighty democratic element the apparently autocratic administration of the provinces. The dignity is hereditary, at least so long as the family maintains its respectability.

The first step of the administrator in undertaking a public work is to provide the funds. This is done in one of two usual ways; by a special tax upon the public concerned, or by simply raising the annual tax of the Government sufficiently to cover

the extra expense. In the latter method, which is generally preferred, the tax is not raised until after the work has been accomplished, so that the public, with the improvement before the eyes of all, may more willingly accede to the extra demand upon their purses.

The next step, one might imagine, would be to secure the services of an engineer, who should either take over the whole contract, or at least engage himself to superintend the work. It might, indeed, seem indispensable that some one of scientific, or at least of practical training, should be employed to see, for instance, that the banks have the proper slope, that the bed be of uniform level, that the course be straightened if possible, or that none of its serpentine curves be exaggerated. But professional engineers are rare imported articles in China, where, except in the case of a few western improvements, everybody is his own engineer.

The improvement of a canal is not merely a matter of a little dredging. In the course of ten years the banks become irregular, and crumble in here and there, the canal becomes narrower as well as shallower, and though with more perfect methods it might be improved without being drained, still the only way known to the Chinese is to draw off all the water, and go to work as if they were digging it anew. The first thing then is to draw off the water; and here, at the very beginning of the enterprise, the observer is struck with that primitive economy which dispenses with special and costly appliances, and brings into play ordinary utensils for rare and unwonted purposes. The canal is dammed at the extremities of the portion to be improved, and a large number of irrigators are set to work to drain it.

The irrigation of the rice-fields is effected here by water drawn from the canals, and as this old delta of the Yang-tse is largely devoted to the cultivation of rice, it is an easy matter to get together a great many irrigators, outside the rice season. The irrigator in universal use works on the principle of the chain-pump, but it is constructed entirely of wood—a wooden chain, with wooden paddles, in a wooden trough, and propelled by means of a large wooden cog-wheel, turned usually by an ox of the Oriental buffalo type. The chain is of simple but ingenious construction. The Y-shaped links are seven and a half inches long, and they are provided each with a paddle six inches square, and with a notch, in which the cogs of the axle

work. In the rice districts there are villages devoted almost exclusively to the manufacture of irrigators.

For work on our canal, as the season did not require many hands for the fields, the ox was replaced by two men working a sort of treadmill. The horizontal cog-wheel was not used, but the axle propelling the chain was mounted, on each side of the trough, with four spokes about a foot long, ending in rounded foot-rests. Two men treading these pedals at a brisk rate, can produce without notable fatigue a full, constant stream, which, kept up all day by a double pair of men for each machine, amounts to a large quantity of water in twelve or fourteen hours. Hundreds of irrigators were put to work at once, and in less than a week the bed of the canal lay bare. As the surface of the water descended, the work became more difficult, and when the trough, about ten feet in length, would no longer reach from the top of the bank to the water, the irrigators had to be doubled; a basin was made half-way up the bank, from which one set drew the water supplied from the canal by the others.

The administrators divide the canal off into sections, and entrust each section to a man called the "head labourer," but more properly a little contractor. He engages for a stipulated sum to clean his section within a certain time, and he is held responsible for the execution of the work according to contract. He employs the men under him, and pays them according to the height of the banks and the distance to which the mud must be carried. For each section an official notice, containing directions for the "head labourer," is posted up, so that his work may, as it were, be under public control. A section notice reads as follows: "Twenty-first section, from the door of the family Koo to the bridge of the Earth-mound Bend. Breadth of the canal at the top, 50 ft.; at the bottom, 15 ft.; canal to be deepened 4 ft.; amount of earth to be removed, 1,597.82 squares. Administrator, Chang Kia-lin; Patron [security for the "head labourer"], Tung Foo-le; Head labourer, Wong Ka-ping." The Chinese official foot is a trifle less than fourteen English inches. The *fong*, or square, which is used here as the unit of volume, is a square of 10 ft. by 1 ft. thick. The amount of earth to be removed, given with such apparent precision even to the hundredth of a square, must be taken *cum grano salis*, for it is simply estimated after rough and cursory measurements.

The section notices explain in a way how the services of an

engineer are dispensed with. The simple peasant, leaving his plough or his hoe, is supposed, with such directions to guide him, to be competent to superintend the improvement of a canal. If the canal were straight and the banks regular, there might be no great difficulties in the work, but where there are sharp turns and irregularities, what resources has the little contractor in his rustic lore to enable him to determine how much to cut off here and what is the proper slope there? The tendency naturally is to follow the easiest methods, regardless of the most elementary laws of engineering. It is not surprising then that much of the work must not unfrequently be done twice over, as when a bank of loose earth, ridiculously steep, crumbles in at the first rain, or when a bend, already sufficiently angular, is accentuated by going carefully around and leaving untouched the large deposit at the inner bank of the curve. To add to the discomfort of the poor contractor, he has over him a little military officer, who at the complaint of the administrator or other interested person of importance, treats the delinquent to the bamboo bastinado, or marches him up and down the canal with the *cangue* on his shoulders.

The method of cleaning the canals is extremely primitive. There are no picks or shovels, no wheel-barrows or carts, no ropes or buckets. Each man is provided with a farming implement that is used for breaking the ground, and with a couple of little baskets dangling at the ends of a bamboo pole. As the fields are cultivated in little patches, the plough is not much used, and the ground is broken with a long-handled, rather heavy, four-pronged cultivator, which serves excellently for work upon the canal. Spades and shovels are not known in China, nor does their want seem to be felt. The baskets used for carrying the earth are shaped liked a scoop-shovel, and they are suspended by three cords, two at the sides and one behind. The earth is dug and loaded with the cultivator, the pole with the baskets is balanced on the shoulder, and the sure-footed Chinaman mounts the bank by means of little steps in the tenacious mud.

At first sight one might be inclined to slight such preparations as child's play, and hardly think that serious work was intended. But as one by one, in quick succession, the workmen mount the little steps, hurry off at the carrier's half-trot, empty their baskets with a sudden jerk, and return for another load, the work begins to take on a more serious aspect; and if the

earth be deposited in a pile, the rapidity with which a large mound is formed makes one look with more respect upon the primitive methods employed.

The earth removed is very rich, and is highly prized by the fortunate farmers along the canal. It is spread over the neighbouring fields a foot or two thick, forming a new and vigorous surface for the hard-worked soil. By careful cultivation the fields here are generally forced to produce two crops a year; rice and greens, corn and cotton, succeed each other without intermission, and thanks to judicious husbandry and to strong and plentiful manuring, the rich soil loses little of its fertility. However, a good renovation of the soil from time to time is welcome to the farmer, as it serves to lighten labour and to lessen expense for manure.

So much for the general conduct of the public improvement. The disinterested supervision of the mandarins, the absence of scientific engineering, and the conduct of the work by the people themselves with their own every-day tools, lend a primitive air to the undertaking, and savour strongly of the patriarchal form of government, which is so highly esteemed and still affected by the Chinese. The simple organization of the work and the primitive methods employed are such as may have been in use four thousand years ago, when Yu the Great, at the dawn of authentic history in China, regulated the waters, shaping the course of the great rivers into the sea, and draining the marshes into canals and lakes.

There also appears in the organization and the conduct of the work a certain democratic element of the provincial administration. The enterprise is undertaken at the people's wish, paid for by the community concerned, conducted by the people's representatives, and executed by the hands of those who are to reap the benefit of the improvement.

Primitive as are the methods in use, an observer cannot fail to remark that, with the same methods, results by no means unsatisfactory might be obtained under a stronger and more intelligent administration. The water is quickly drawn off by the active irrigators, hundreds of men get to work with their cultivators and their little baskets, the section contractor, measuring-rod in hand, walks busily up and down the bank, and in a week or so, where the work has been well done, one may see a broad, deep canal with regular banks of uniform slope, all ready to share the flow of the neighbouring river and



become again the commercial highway of the district. But a weak administration and the lack of unity in organization can paralyze the simplest undertaking, and prolong indefinitely and partly spoil a work that might have been done, and well done, in a month.

The China of to-day, in many respects, is not the Cathay of Marco Polo or of Blessed Odoric of Pordenone, nor is it the China of Mendez Pinto or of Père Duhalde, or even of the historian of Lord Macartney's embassy in 1793. The Cathay of the older travellers and missionaries was China under the energetic rule of Gengis Khan's successors, while the Jesuits and the early English merchants saw the Empire under the enlightened rulers of the present Tartar dynasty in its first vigour. It may not be easy to say how much the nerveless government of the conquering Tartar's degenerate successors may affect a little work of public improvement, but it would not be rash to assert that a work involving the interests of an important port and of several subprefectures, would hardly have been conducted in so dilatory and unsatisfactory a manner under the intelligent and firm ruler who received the Ambassador of the King of Great Britain a hundred years ago.

Work was to have begun in the autumn or early winter, when the end of the rice-harvest frees the farm hands, and when the frosty mornings and unclouded skies invite to vigorous and uninterrupted work. But a misunderstanding between the magistrates of Shanghai and a neighbouring subprefecture delayed the undertaking until the last week of December. It was just the opening of the wet season, and the frequent and continued rains were most disastrous to the progress of the work. Not only were all hands idle during the rains, but after each downpour the bed of the canal, as the natural channel, received all the drainage, and the irrigators were continually in requisition to keep the bed bare for the workmen. But even, notwithstanding such inconveniences, fair progress was made in sections where the work went smoothly, and a month or six weeks might have sufficed for the whole undertaking.

The time was badly chosen also on account of the New Year holidays, which occurred in the midst of the work. The Chinese year begins with the first new moon after the sun enters Aquarius, or, more properly, the calendar is so arranged that the winter solstice always falls in the eleventh moon. Their New Year is almost the only holiday which the Chinese know,

and, when work is not pressing, they usually take several days on that occasion for rest and feasting. It occurred this year on February 13th, but as it happened to fall during a rainy spell it did not much affect the work upon the canal.

Other delays were caused by some close-fisted little contractors, who would not offer the wages paid by others, and who could not consequently get hands for their section. One such pennywise individual was so obstinate, that he could not be brought to a more reasonable frame of mind, until he had been adorned with the *cangue* for an afternoon and pilloried as a lesson to similar delinquents. In other places the work was badly done, which occasioned delay and no slight loss to the poor contractors, who were inexorably obliged to do the work over again at their own expense. They pleaded in vain, but not without reason perhaps, that it was the first time they had undertaken anything of the kind, and that they had done the best they could.

The greatest delay was occasioned over a disputed portion of the canal, about fifteen miles from Shanghai, near a town with the Buddhist name of the Seven Treasurers. It seems that about a hundred years ago, two brothers were magistrates respectively of Shanghai and the neighbouring subprefecture, and that they had arranged fraternally that each district should bear half the expense of the disputed portion. The tradition was kept up and respected until there was question of the recent improvement, when the administrator of one of the subprefectures revived the dispute, and carried the case before the prefect of Sang-Kiang. Not content with the prefect's decision, the case was taken by one of the parties to the court of the provincial governor at Sov-Chow. Much time was spent in litigation, and even after the supreme decision, the disappointed administrators were slow in putting it into execution. Three months after the closing, and when all the rest of the canal was nearly ready for the opening of the dams, the section under dispute had not been touched.

The supervision of the mandarins was limited to the official inauguration and an occasional visit of inspection. The inauguration of the work consisted in a superstitious ceremony, performed by the chief magistrate of Shanghai on the bank of the canal. The members of the lettered and official class of China affect to be pure Confucianists, but they have sadly degenerated from the comparatively pure teachings of the sage,

whose practical morality had but little to do with superstition, and who advised his disciples to honour the spirits and keep them at a distance. Even the highest official circles are not free from the vulgar superstitions, and it cannot but cause surprise that the accomplished mandarins, who certainly show no lack of shrewdness or common sense, or even in certain instances of high ability, should descend to such trifling absurdities. On December 8, 1893, Li-Hung-Chang, as Viceroy of Chihli, memorialized the throne, requesting that special propitiatory honours be accorded a certain river-god, by whose ill-will several districts had been flooded. The same high functionary, during his recent visit to Shanghai, did not fail to visit a famous pagoda south of the city, in order to place his projected voyage to Europe under the protection of the goddess, Kwan-Yin, the most popular deity of Chinese Buddhism.

For the inauguration of the work upon the canal, a temporary altar was erected, upon which were placed a fish, a piece of pork, and a fowl prepared for the market. There were, moreover, pastry figures of a fish, a cock, and a pig, representing the favourite viands of a Chinese table. The satellites lit candles and burnt incense, while the mandarins in official robes, at the word of the master of ceremonies, made the usual nine prostrations. What may be the meaning of such a ceremony, or what internal religious acts, if any, may accompany such external worship, would be difficult to say. It is comparatively easy to discuss the three religions of China as they should be and as they are found in books, but in the popular superstitions it is a perfect Chinese puzzle to tell just where Buddhism ends and where Tavism begins, or to explain how the natural religion of ancient sages degenerated into such absurd observances.

It is the custom for the mandarin after such an official ceremony to honour the principal family of the neighbourhood by his gracious presence at table. As the ceremony in the present instance was performed near the Catholic mission of Zi-ka-wei, the director of the Orphans' Industrial School had the honour of entertaining the great man and his secretaries, and of providing dinner for his rather numerous suite.

When the mandarins made their stated visits of inspection, care was taken that the canal should present to official eyes an animated and busy scene. Not only were all available hands

procured for the occasion, but after the inspection of one section, when the mandarin had returned to his comfortable sedan, the workmen hurried through the fields with their baskets and tools, and were diligently employed upon the next section before the official chair made its appearance.

On April 26th, just four months after the closing of the canal, the work was officially accepted as complete. On the same day the branches of the canal were opened, establishing communication with the river. When the water in the canal had reached the level of the river, the principal dams were removed, and the waterway was once more open to traffic. The custom-boats passed up to their wonted stations; loads of straw and grain came down to the city; family boats returned from their temporary retreats, and the little mail-boats were once more seen gliding up and down with the tides. The next edition of the Shanghai official gazetteer will contain, at the end of the chapter on the improvement of waterways, a paragraph somewhat as follows: "In the twenty-second year of Kuang-su, under the Territorial Intendant, Hoang Tsoo-loo, and the City Magistrate, Hoang Ching-huan, the P'oo Hoei canal was cleaned and improved."

WILLIAM HORNSBY.

### *"The Ethics of Suppression in Biography."*

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IT is more for the interest of the general question involved, than for that attaching to the particular matter in dispute, that Mr. Purcell's article in the *Nineteenth Century* for October may merit a certain brief consideration. He appeals to ethical principles in justification of his conclusion; and his conclusion is that, Cardinal Vaughan and a mere handful of his creatures are condemned on all hands by the now universally admitted principle, that the suppression of any fact or document in a biography, "no matter what the motive be," is tantamount to a lie.

Before we discuss this principle, it may be as well to notice the somewhat adroit manner in which Mr. Purcell evades the real question at issue. To judge by his article, one would be led to suppose that the only charge laid to his account was that of scandalizing Protestants by the revelation of uncomfortable facts, derogatory to the ideal perfection of the late Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster. Against this charge he assumes—for he does not think it worth discussing—that the scandal of Protestants is not of the least consequence, or that, if a thing is true, it never can be scandalous. He adduces the authority of Newman to prove that a man is best revealed in his letters, and infers that therefore *all* his letters should be published. He brings His Holiness Leo XIII. as a witness to the expediency of publishing all documents relating to past history, and infers that the same holds for contemporary biography. Then he brings forward a cloud of nameless witnesses to show that Catholics in general, both in England and America, are agreed that truth is a virtue and not a crime; and that "unfairness in controversy or in writing history is a detestable practice." He sums up by saying: "In the face of the verdict of public opinion in England and America, as already recorded, in favour of candour and truthfulness in biography, his Eminence Cardinal Vaughan ought

to look to it, lest he come to be regarded as a sort of *introverted* Athanasius, standing alone, *contra mundum*, in defence of an almost condemned proposition."

And indeed, if this be the true state of the controversy, his Eminence ought to look to it at once, and Mr. Purcell may well pose as the self-deputed representative of the world against Athanasius. But a more ludicrous *ignoratio elenchi* can hardly be imagined. It is vain for Mr. Purcell to attempt to exalt the contest into a battle between truthfulness and untruthfulness, or to narrow the opposition against him to Cardinal Vaughan and the few that are supposed to represent him. The question at issue is simply one of good taste and good judgment; and all men of good taste and good judgment are his opponents, be they Catholics or Protestants, English or American. It must be confessed that such men nowhere constitute the majority, perhaps they are painfully in the minority. Of the two hundred thousand who—according to his own computation—have read Mr. Purcell's in many ways very interesting volumes, most will probably be as blind to the literary solecism he has committed, as he himself seems to be. That they should be unanimous as to the interest of his work, or as to the piquancy added to it by a moderate infusion of scandal; that they should all agree that truth is a virtue and not a crime, is indeed very credible. But when it comes to a delicate question of ethical propriety and literary taste, we confess, albeit at peril of our lives, that we sorely distrust the verdict of the "British reading public which loves truth, and hates suppression of facts and documents—no matter what be the motive—as almost a lie." It seems to us that Mr. Purcell somewhat overrates the significance of the large and rapid sale of his work, in supposing that it in any way absolves him from the fault with which he has been charged. Apart from its undoubted merits, its "unprecedented circulation" is largely due to the storm of disapprobation which it raised. But notoriety is not fame, nor can the mere purchase of a book be construed into an unqualified approval of all it contains.

We must therefore ask Mr. Purcell to descend from the exalted and very safe position of an advocate of truthfulness in general against untruthfulness, and to keep himself strictly to the question at issue; namely, whether, in contemporary biography, the suppression of any fact or document—"no matter what the motive be"—is "almost a lie." Nobody wants



to know if "truth is a virtue or a crime," or seeks a verdict "in favour of candour or truthfulness in biography as well as in history." Nor can the question be put strictly in the form: "Is it a virtue to suppress historic truth or no?" or: "Is the publication of historical facts based on authentic documents 'almost a crime,' or is it a virtue?" For, as we shall see, contemporary biography is not history, and cannot be submitted to the same criteria. The question at issue is simply that above stated, and no other. And when once stated clearly it admits of only one sane answer. The suppression of facts in contemporary biography may, under certain circumstances, be not merely a right, but a duty. This is the verdict of common sense and common morality, and, of course, of the Christian religion.

I do not suppose it is necessary to insist on so patent a platitude as that truthfulness does not require us to pour out always and everywhere the full contents of our mind; or that it is often lawful and even incumbent upon us to reserve our knowledge wholly or in part; or that there is a wide difference between saying what is not true, and not saying what is true. Mr. Purcell speaks much about candour, but apparently his notion of that virtue is not much clearer than that of Mrs. Candour. If, in the discussion of his neighbour's character, he is—as he ought to be—rigidly consistent with the principles which he lays down for biography; if he thinks that "truth is the only thing that matters;" that the suppression of facts is "almost a lie," and cannot be a virtue; that the truth ought to be told, no matter how much his neighbour's reputation should suffer thereby, and "no matter what the motive be" for withholding it;—it is quite plain that his principles are at variance with those of good breeding and common charity. And yet why should he hesitate to apply them in the one case and not in the other? Two points of disparity occur. First, the usual eminence and publicity of the character who is the theme of a biography; secondly, the difference between the living and the dead, in respect to their right of good name. Plainly, the first gives a reason for proportionately greater care and reverence in dealing with one whose faults and frailties stand out more glaringly in contrast with that ideal of ethical perfection which we have a right to expect of one whose office is to lead others. It is a matter of common catechetical instruction that it is a greater sin of detraction to reveal the

same fault of a priest than of a layman; of a bishop than of a priest, and so on, because the fault in itself is in some sense more reprehensible and more unbecoming, and because the scandal to others is consequently greater. That the dead have less right to their reputation than the living, can only be maintained in case of those who are so long dead as to belong to the domain of history. There is obviously a sense in which a man may be said still to live as long as any survive who knew him as a person, who are bound to him by sympathy so as to feel his reputation to be their own. He lives on, not only in his relations, friends, and party, but in all his contemporaries to a great extent. It may be hard to draw the line so as to determine the exact moment when a man breaks the last thread which connects him with the present, and lapses into the past, but we can easily be certain when we are well on one side of that line, or on the other. I care considerably what may be said of me after death by those who may have known me personally; but little or nothing for what might be said of me by those later on, to whom I shall be at most but a name. In respect to his reputation, Cardinal Manning is as much alive to-day as he was ten years ago, and Mr. Purcell's "candour" is as about as well-judged now as it would have been then. If, therefore, it is lawful and right to suppress facts detrimental to the fair fame of the living, it is, for the same reasons, a duty in the case of those recently dead.

Again, it must not be supposed too readily that it is the function of a biographer to anticipate the Day of Judgment and to reveal the secret depths of a man's soul. It is natural in these days when vulgar curiosity has given birth to the interviewer, to forget that a man has an inner self which none—if perhaps we except his closest friend—has any right to know or to inquire about. We may with some hope of success portray him as he appeared in public, or as he showed himself among his friends; but to say what he was in himself and before God, is not only impertinent, but obviously impossible. The portrait-painter attains truth by representing his subject clothed in his customary attire, nor does he feel himself guilty of "almost a lie," in observing the common conventions of decency by not portraying him naked. Also, if during the sitting his subject has the misfortune to be suffering from a black-eye or a swollen jaw, the artist might possibly be con-

sulting the higher interests of truth in disregarding these transitory disfigurements, even though they occurred from time to time with a certain regularity. Some would even go further and say that it is the artist's duty to try to catch the ideal which nature strives ineffectually to realize in each face; to correct her faltering lines, and, therefore, to ignore even permanent and inborn blemishes. Mr. Ruskin would not consider it a lie to suppress the railway in a painting of Snowdon, but rather a greater respect for the truth. It has not occurred to Mr. Purcell or to many of his defenders, that biography differs from history in being a fine art,<sup>1</sup> or that to idealize is no treason against truthfulness. The biographer's business is to portray the man as he appeared, as he showed himself, as he was known. And even this, with a certain generality, not taking account of what was occasional or exceptional, or at least, not giving it undue prominence. To betray all that is in any way knowable about his private affairs is mere intrusiveness. What business has the public to see a man in the light of the Röntgen rays?

Very different is the case of one who, like Alexander VI., belongs to the domain of history; in whom no one now on the face of the earth has any kind of personal interest. Here, indeed, truth is practically the only thing that matters. History, general or particular, is but an accumulation of evidence with a view to arriving at some more or less complete understanding of past events, their causes and consequences. Every particle of evidence is to be treasured up carefully, nothing ignored or destroyed. But it is a common fallacy which confounds all *existing* evidence with *all* evidence, the whole *known* truth with the *whole* truth. Half-truths are often the worst of lies; and the whole known truth is often far less than half of what might be known.

By skilful manipulation, historical evidence can be made to point to the most contrary conclusions. They are so much

<sup>1</sup> Wordsworth, in a *Letter to a Friend of Robert Burns* (published 1816), says: "Biography, though differing in some essentials from works of fiction, is nevertheless, like them, an art—an art the laws of which are determined by the imperfections of our nature and the constitution of society. Truth is not here, as in the sciences and in natural philosophy, to be sought without scruple, and promulgated for its own sake upon the mere chance of its being serviceable; but only for obviously justifying purposes, moral or intellectual. Silence is a privilege of the grave, a right of the departed; let him therefore who infringes that right by speaking publicly of, for, or against those who cannot speak for themselves, take heed that he open not his mouth without a sufficient sanction."

type which can be made to spell a hundred different words, according to the taste and fancy of the type-setter or historian. It is sometimes said that Catholics are afraid of history. They are afraid of historians, which is a very different thing. Facts and documents, evidences of all kind have no terror for us. What we do fear is their fallacious handling by hasty generalizers, too impatient to consider the merely partial character of the evidence before them, too anxious to leap at any harmonizing hypothesis. If all men were temperate and clear-headed, there would be no reason to object to the promiscuous publication of every scrap of known historical evidence; but the majority being what they must always be, it might perhaps be more in the interests of truth that they should be ignorant of facts than that they should accept as the whole truth what is often but half the truth, and therefore the blackest of lies.

Even then, if we accept Mr. Purcell's view of biography which confounds it with history, or a sub-section of history, it does not follow that the suppression of facts is almost a lie and can never possibly be more for the advantage of truth. Truth, indeed, is the only thing that matters in history; but a partial view of facts points as often to a lie as to the truth.

We are quite at one with Cardinal Newman as to the importance of letters as a basis of biography. They are facts. But they are not the only facts. A man's correspondence is not his diary. It will often represent the exceptional crises of his life, while all record of his normal self is wanting. Perhaps the most unpleasing episodes of his history will be the most prominent in his surviving correspondence.

It is for the skilful biographer to select those portions of his correspondence which most truly reveal the man as he habitually appeared to others. Nowhere, so far as I know, does Newman imply that nothing is ever to be suppressed, or that no regard is to be had to the instincts of good taste. He says: "The publication of letters is the true method." But he also adds that, "biographers varnish, they assign motives, they conjecture feelings, they interpret Lord Burleigh's nods." This is exactly what one feels with regard to Mr. Purcell's volumes. Even had he done nothing else than publish the letters contained in them, without gloss or comment, still the selection would have been his own, and governed by his own *a priori* conception of the character of Manning. As it is, we are nowhere left free to interpret those documents for ourselves. 'Mr. Purcell goes

before us as manuductor, and tells what we are to see in each of them, and what we are to conclude. So much for the general principles which ought to govern the art of biography, and with regard to which we differ entirely from Mr. Purcell.

To suppress the truth is not the same thing as to tell a lie. Nor is it "almost a lie." It is often lawful, often expedient as well as lawful; often obligatory as well as expedient. The motive calling for the suppression of much that was published by Mr. Purcell was respect for the living and respect for the dead. Had it been mainly, as he says, the fear of scandalizing Protestants, even such a motive is not so contemptible and ridiculous as he would seem to think. To a well-balanced mind no corruption in priest or prelate touches the authority or doctrinal purity of the Church. But surely nothing is more evident than that most Protestants—perhaps some Catholics—are by no means clear-headed on this point. Has Mr. Purcell never heard of *scandalum pusillorum* as a sin? Or is he wiser than St. Paul, who warned the hot-headed advocates of Gentile liberty not to destroy with their meats the simple souls for which Christ died? Yet he asks in astonishment: "Are corrupt intrigues at the Vatican to be suppressed lest scandal be given to Protestants, or is the truth to be told?" It is as though he should ask: "Is a man in the bosom of his family to suppress the history of his youthful profligacies lest he should scandalize his innocent daughters, or is the truth to be told?"

Towards the end of his article, Mr. Purcell brings in what he considers to be a racy little bit of scandal concerning the relation of Cardinal Manning to the Jesuits. This, he informs us, was carefully kept in the background during his Eminence's life. Obviously, it must be the right thing to bring it forward the moment he is dead. As a matter of fact, his late Eminence's attitude towards the Jesuits, and to some extent towards other Religious Orders, was largely determined by his interpretation of certain passages in history. That he was sincerely convinced of the justice of that interpretation, no one can doubt; and, were it the right one, there is no Jesuit who would not be at one with him as to his practical conclusion. He had that freedom of judgment in the matter which all Catholics have, and he used it.

The really curious thing to notice is that, in spite of his absolute and unqualified condemnation of the suppression of facts, Mr. Purcell, in obedience to his better instincts and for

good reasons, did at first agree to suppress his chapter on the relation of Manning to the Jesuits. How, consistently with such an agreement, he should now give publicity to the very pith and substance of that chapter, is a problem belonging to the Ethics of Evasion.

We feel perfectly sure that, against all we have said, Mr. Purcell will have the consolation of the sympathy of Mr. Gladstone and of that "British reading public which loves truth and hates suppression of facts—*no matter what the motive be*—as almost a lie." The idea of telling out everything regardless of consequences has a ring of John Bull honesty about it that is sure to catch the ears of the many who like to sever right and wrong with an axe, but have no patience for more delicate operations that require the lancet. That reverence for truth shows itself rather in silence and reserve, than in indiscriminate garrulity, would be a "hard saying" to some of the men of this generation. But when Mr. Purcell lays claim to a Pontifical approval of his indiscretion, we must beg leave to be sceptical. He has already repudiated the verdict of those who have not read his volumes for themselves. Are we to suppose, then, that His Holiness had found time for such a task? or that he was perfectly familiar with the contents of a work not yet done into Italian? or that with a clear understanding of the precise point in controversy, he committed himself to a solemn approbation of Mr. Purcell's solecism and a repudiation of Cardinal Vaughan's strictures on it? This were indeed to interpret Lord Burleigh's nods. If every polite platitude of the Sovereign Pontiff, in reply to inquisitive officiousness, is to be whipped up and run off with as an *ex cathedra* statement, His Holiness is surely of all men the most miserable. "Truth is the only thing that matters." Yes, if we speak, we must speak the truth. But half-truths are often the worst of lies. Isolated facts, sayings half-remembered, or retailed second-hand; letters, without the full context of circumstances; words, recorded apart from the inflexion or gesture that interpreted them; loose paraphrases;—these are the lies that tell far more efficaciously than deliberate inventions, for they are woven out of facts and founded on truths. Here it is that Truth bids us lay our finger on our lips and be silent.

G. TYRRELL.



### *Prayer for the Dead.*

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IN the subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles which the Church of England exacts from her children as a test of their orthodoxy, and as a slight acknowledgment of the priceless boon of her Orders, the candidate for the ministry professes his conviction not only that "the Romish doctrine concerning Purgatory . . . is a fond thing vainly invented," and that "the sacrifices of Masses, in the which it was commonly said that the Priest did offer Christ for the quick and the dead to have remission of pain and guilt, were blasphemous fables and dangerous deceits," but he also asserts his unqualified approval of "the godly and wholesome doctrine" of the *Homilies appointed to be read in Churches*. If there were any ambiguity about the meaning of the Articles themselves, and the precise intention of those in authority who required subscription thereto, that ambiguity ought to be removed by the full and elaborate expositions given in the two books of Homilies. The propositions of a profession of faith are necessarily short, and in some measure require further interpretation. To introduce into such a profession of faith a clause expressing approval of certain ampler documents dealing with the same topics, is tantamount to saying that the signatories pledge themselves to understand these propositions in the sense set forth more at large in the documents named. Hence it seems to me no exaggeration of controversialists, but the simplest common sense, to regard the Homilies in the light of an authentic interpretation of the Articles. Now the Homilies, in the third part of the sermon concerning Prayer, "entreating of the question, whether we ought to pray for them that are departed out of this world or no?" express the mind of the Anglican Church in the following terms :

Let these and such other places (of the Fathers) be sufficient to take away the gross error of purgatory out of our heads ; neither let us dream any more that the souls of the dead are anything at all holpen



by our prayers; but as the Scripture teacheth us, let us think that the soul of man, passing out of the body, goeth straightways either to heaven, or else to hell, whereof the one needeth no prayer, and the other is without redemption. The only purgatory wherein we must trust to be saved, is the death and blood of Christ. . . . If this kind of purgation will not serve them, let them never hope to be released by men's prayers, though they should continue therein unto the world's end. . . . Let us not therefore dream either of purgatory, or of prayer for the souls of them that be dead, but let us earnestly and diligently pray for them which are expressly commanded in Holy Scripture, namely, for kings and rulers, for ministers of God's holy word and sacraments; for the saints of this world otherwise called the faithful; to be short, for all men living.

This then is in the strictest sense the official teaching of the Church of England, and it is, moreover, the teaching to which every minister of that body is bound to express his adhesion by such a formal act as is required of no Catholic priest in reference to the decrees of Trent or the Vatican. Although it is not my intention to inflict a controversy upon my readers, it seemed worth while, in these days of "Continuity" theories, to usher in these random notes of early English practice in regard of Prayer for the Dead, by a statement of the teaching which every one of the hundreds of thousands of ministers of the Church of England since the days of Elizabeth has pledged himself to uphold.

It is with England in Saxon times that we are almost entirely concerned, but I may be pardoned perhaps for a brief reference to one fragment of evidence for the antiquity of the belief in Purgatory which has only come to light of late years. Taken in connection with the language of Tertullian, of St. Cyprian, and other early Fathers, the inscription of Abercius, about A.D. 180, now authenticated by Professor Ramsay's discovery of a great part of the actual monument which marked his grave, seems absolutely decisive:<sup>1</sup>

ταύτ' ὁ νοῶν εὐχαῖθ' ὑπὲρ Ἀβερκίου πᾶς ὁ συνφθός.

Let the fellow-believer who understands these words pray for Abercius.

<sup>1</sup> I am fully aware of the attempt which has been made to dispute the Christian character of the Abercius inscription, but this proceeding is chiefly remarkable as an illustration of the astounding lengths to which prejudice will go in rejecting the plainest evidence. M. l'Abbé Duchesne is not often to be found championing the cause of tradition—his opponents indeed charge him with being unnecessarily sceptical, but it is refreshing to read the vigorous terms in which he denounces these attempts to overthrow the first principles of Christian epigraphy, attempts

So, in all our copies, runs the text of the inscription, and no modern tombstone could ask for the prayers of the faithful in terms more explicit. If any doubt could be felt of the significance of such language, it would be removed by the lettering of a stele partly copied from the Abercius monument, and assignable with certainty to the year 216 after Christ :

εἰρήνη τοῖς παράγουσιν καὶ μνησκομένοις περὶ ἡμῶν.

Peace be to the wayfarers who are mindful of us.

The word *μνήσκειν*, as M. Cumont<sup>1</sup> remarks, which is here clearly employed in a technical sense, being the equivalent of the Latin *meminisse*. Other inscriptions belonging to the same part of the world are somewhat later, but they serve to interpret the earlier, and attest the uniformity of the tradition :

εὐχεσθε ὑπὲρ ἡμῶν ὅπως εὖρω ἔλεος ἐν τῇ δίκῃ.

Pray for us that I may find mercy in the judgment.<sup>2</sup>

χαίρετε δ' οἱ παρόντες καὶ εὐχὰς θέσθ' ὑπὲρ αὐτοῦ.

Speed ye well, O passers by, offer your prayers for him.<sup>3</sup>

These inscriptions are contemporaneous with, but even more explicit than the *In Pace*, *In Refrigerio*, *Spiritum tuum Deus refrigeret*, &c., of the Roman Catacombs, and they are borne out in a number of ways by the wording of the Commemoration of the Dead which is a feature of every early liturgy.

However, not to delay on this point, let us turn from Greece to England and follow the monk, Theodore of Tarsus, consecrated Archbishop of Canterbury by Pope Vitalian, who crossed over to this country towards the latter half of the seventh century. Archbishop St. Theodore died at the close of a long pontificate, in A.D. 690, just a hundred years after the first preaching of the Gospel to the Saxons. He was a learned man, familiar alike with the usages of the East and of Rome, and constant tradition asserted that he was the author of a set of

which, as he says, would lead in the end to the stultification of all historical inquiry. The unfortunate paper of Dr. Gerhard Ficker, which has been defended in a half-hearted sort of way by the Berlin professor, Dr. A. Harnack, has been entirely shattered by the criticism of M. Duchesne, *Bulletin Critique*, p. 177, 1894, adopted and endorsed by De Rossi just before his death—and in *Mélanges d'Archéologie*, p. 155, 1895; of Mgr. Wilpert, *Fractio Panis*, Appendix; and of P. Wehofer, in the *Römische Quartalschrift*. Every competent non-Catholic scholar, who has discussed the subject, men like Lightfoot, T. Zahn, W. M. Ramsay, and, I believe, Mommsen, are entirely on the same side.

<sup>1</sup> *Mélanges d'Archéologie et d'Histoire*, vol. xv. p. 264. (1895.)

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, and *Μουσείον*, vol. v. p. 42.

<sup>3</sup> *Revue des Etudes Grecques*, ii. 32.

canons known as *Theodori Pœnitentiale*. That this work represents a collection of decisions given at least orally by Theodore, Bishop Stubbs<sup>1</sup> makes no attempt to dispute. It is found in any case in an extant MS. of the eighth century, and is quoted as Theodore's by Archbishop Egbert, who was almost a contemporary. Here is what St. Theodore determined about Masses for the Dead :

ON MASS FOR THE DEAD.

1. According to the Church of Rome, it is the custom, in the case of monks or religious men, to carry them after their death to the church, to anoint their breasts with chrism, and there to celebrate Masses for them ; then to bear them to the grave with chanting, and when they have been laid in the tomb, prayer is offered for them ; afterwards they are covered in with earth or with a slab.

2. On the first, the third, the ninth, and also the thirtieth day, let Mass be celebrated for them, and furthermore, let this be observed after a year has passed, if it be wished.

3. For a monk deceased, let Mass be said on the day of his burial, and on the third day, and after that as often as the Abbot may think well.

4. For the secular<sup>2</sup> clergy who die, let Mass be offered thrice in the year, the third day and the ninth and the thirtieth, because the Lord rose the third day, and at the ninth hour He gave up the ghost, and the children of Israel wept for Moses for thirty days.

6. For a good layman, let Mass be said on the third day, for a penitent on the thirtieth day, or on the seventh day, after the fast, because his relatives are bound to fast seven days and to offer oblations at the altar, as we read in Josue the son of Sirach, and the children of Israel fasted for Saul ; after this let Mass be said as often as the priest may think good.

This seems to have been sufficiently near the beginning of things to remove any hesitation we might feel in describing the offering of Mass for the dead as the constant and uniform

<sup>1</sup> *Councils and Ecclesiastical Documents*, vol. iii. p. 174.

<sup>2</sup> It is interesting to find this designation used in the very earliest canonical document belonging to the Church Catholic and Roman in this country. It is also interesting to find in the same document that Archbishop Theodore, though of Greek origin, naturally cites the Roman usage as the norm for England. (Haddan and Stubbs, iii. p. 180, *Wasserschleben, Die Bussordnungen der abendländischen Kirche*, p. 188.) Furthermore, in the same collection of Canons occurs a remark, which can hardly have been gratuitously invented, to the effect that Theodore repeatedly asserted that he never wished the decrees which were passed in Rome (*Romanorum decreta*—there is question only here of ecclesiastical decrees and of a decision of Pope Innocent) to be altered by himself.

practice of the English Church before the Conquest, and the way in which St. Theodore's *Penitential* was made the basis of other similar documents, and its legislation on this particular subject, rapidly developed and extended, makes it clear that his devotion to Roman usages was not looked upon with suspicion by his contemporaries or his successors. It might be said in fact that the documents we possess of the century following St. Theodore's death, show us the whole system of suffrages for the departed as fully developed as it was in the fifteenth century, or as it is at the present day. Let us try to justify this statement.

It is not my object to enter at any length into the more strictly liturgical aspects of prayer for the dead. The subject is too vast and the details too complicated to admit of discussion here. But it will be necessary to remind the reader of the general use in the early centuries throughout both East and West of the diptychs or tablets of names in whose behalf prayer was offered in the course of the sacred liturgy. As objects of art, diptychs, or the less perishable portion of them, are to be found in many of our great museums and private collections. They consist of two oblong tablets of ivory hinged together like the covers of a book, elaborately carved on their outer surface, smooth on the inner, which was either itself inscribed with the names to be commemorated, or had a few leaves of parchment affixed to it for that purpose. At a definite point in the liturgy, a point which did not always occupy the same relative position in the different Eastern and Western rites, the deacon took the diptychs which lay upon the altar and recited aloud in the hearing of the faithful the names entered thereon. It would seem that in the first ages little distinction was observed between those who were commemorated as having died in repute of sanctity and those who were simply commended to God's mercy after a life of imperfection, or even between living and dead. The idea which primarily, though not to the exclusion of any other, underlay the recitation of the names in the diptychs, was a solemn acknowledgment of belief in the Communion of Saints, but the manner and purpose of this commemoration soon became defined more clearly. With regard to the dead, if I may quote a phrase, inserted indeed in a document of later date, but which has to my ear the ring of an early liturgical formula, prayer was made, "*ut eorum qui majoris meriti sunt, gloria cumuletur in cœlis, eorum vero qui*

minoris sunt, in occultis ipsius [*i.e.*, Dei] levigetur iudicii.”<sup>1</sup> Upon the diptychs of a cathedral church were entered the names of the previous bishops of that see, the names of kings and benefactors, the names of the faithful who for some special reason or by some special act had been commended in that place to the prayers of the faithful. Some of the extant diptychs preserve for us not only the names commemorated, but also fragments of the liturgical formulæ in which they were inserted. Take, as a specimen, the diptych of Amiens, which gives a form almost identical with that still in use: “Memento etiam, Domine, et eorum, nempe Firmini Confessoris, Salvii, Bertrandi [&c., a long list follows], . . . qui nos præcesserunt cum signo fidei et dormiunt in somno pacis.”

There seems, let us remark in passing, to be a curious survival of the classification and precedence which began to prevail in the later diptychs, in the selection of prayers still appointed in our Missals for the *Missa Quotidiana Defunctorum*. The priest is there directed first to pray, *Pro defunctis Episcopis seu Sacerdotibus*, next, *Pro Fratribus, Propinquis et Benefactoribus*, in which prayer is made for NOSTRÆ CONGREGATIONIS fratres, propinquos, et benefactores, and lastly, *Pro omnibus fidelibus defunctis*.

It is easy to see from the nature of things that the primitive practice in regard of the diptychs could not long survive. Not only was it soon found that the very limited space afforded by the ivory tablets would not suffice to accommodate the long lists of names which accumulated as time went on, but it was impossible that these long lists could be recited entire without seriously interfering with the progress of the Holy Sacrifice. The time very soon came, therefore, when in place of the few leaves which could be inserted between the ivory diptych covers there were substituted bulky volumes consisting of many quires of parchment, and when, also in place of the daily public announcement at Mass, the recitation of the names became either occasional, or partial, or secret, or was transferred to some other time, merging, for instance, into the reading of the *martyrologium* at Prime, and, in many cases, was omitted altogether. The books which

<sup>1</sup> “That the glory of those who are of greater merit may be augmented in Heaven and the account of those who are less worthy may be lightened in His (Almighty God’s) secret judgments.” (Introduction to the *Hyde Register*, c. 1015 A.D. quoted later on.) Alcuin (Ep. cc.) writing about A.D. 800, to console a mother for the death of her son, tells her in very similar terms, that her prayers for his soul must be of help to him, “t vel pena levigetur vel beatitudo augeatur.”

took the place of the diptychs were, and are, known by many names, of which there is no need to give a particular account here. There was the *necrologium*, primarily the record of the dead of a particular house; there was the *liber vitæ*, or book of life, a name in which the list of benefactors seems to be the leading idea. The *martyrologium* very probably developed out of the roll of bishops, who formed a class apart in the diptychs, and who were *canonizati*, selected to be commemorated in the Canon of the Mass. But it was impossible that these books should be rigorously confined to one specific purpose, and the *martyrologium*,<sup>1</sup> as we know from numerous extant specimens, was constantly used for the entry of all kinds of obituaries, while even ordinary calendars were employed for the same purpose. The word *album*, which we often meet, was a neutral name, and meant no more than the blank book. Taking these documents as a class, they may all be conveniently described as Necrologies, and there is a considerable literature upon the subject, as to which much detailed information may be found in Wattenbach,<sup>2</sup> Molinier,<sup>3</sup> Ebner,<sup>4</sup> and others.

The transition from the diptych, or tablet arrangement, to that of the parchment book, by whatever name we call it, is interestingly illustrated in a Necrology of Remiremont, the first entries in which belong to about the middle of the ninth century.<sup>5</sup> It is not the oldest document of this class which is known to us, but it preserves a curious trace of the earlier record which it supplanted, for in two different places where the scribe has evidently been transferring names into this volume from an older diptych, he has drawn a sort of frame, or outline, in red ink, reproducing the distinctive shape, and probably the exact measurement of the diptych tablet before him, and within this border he has entered the ancient names exactly as he found them. The same volume illustrates also the practice of using this *Liber Vitæ*, or record of benefactors and of the dead, as a Mass Book, or *Missale pro Defunctis*, in which the *Hanc igitur* of the Canon is modified to suit its special object. A codex of

<sup>1</sup> One of the most complete of such *martyrologia* is that of Cur, which has been published by Wolfgang von Juval, under the title *Martyrologium Curienne, die jahrzeitbücher der Kirche zu Cur*.

<sup>2</sup> *Geschichtsquellen*, vol. i. Appendix, pp. 437, seq. Cf. Potthast, *Wegweiser*. Second Edit.

<sup>3</sup> *Les Obituaires Français au Moyen Age*.

<sup>4</sup> *Die Klösterlichen Gebets-Verbrüderungen*.

<sup>5</sup> See the article by Dr. A. Ebner in the *Neues Archiv* (1893), vol. xix. pp. 58 and 71.



Brescia, I may add, also of the ninth century, offers us a still more elaborate example of the same peculiarity.<sup>1</sup> The *Hanc igitur* in the Remiremont Necrology runs thus :

INFRA ACT(IONEM). Hanc igitur oblationem servitutis nostræ quam tibi offerimus, Domine, pro his tam vivis quam defunctis utriusque sexus, quorum numerum et nomina tu scis, Domine, qui hunc locum de rebus suis ditaverunt vel suas nobis vel antecessarum nostrarum largiti sunt elemosynas sive qui se in nostris vel illarum commendaverunt orationibus, seu quorum nomina subter in hoc breviario scripta videntur, quæsumus, placatus suscipias et in tua pietate concedas ut cum venerint ante thronum majestatis tuæ, cum sanctis et electis tuis præmii vitæ æternæ percipiant portionem, diesque nostros in tua pace disponas, &c.<sup>2</sup>

In a formal document drawn up in A.D. 822, and prefixed to the same volume, the Nuns of Remiremont, to whom the volume belonged, calling themselves "the unworthy hand-maidens of Christ," decree that each day the Mass "which is written therein" is to be said for those who have founded and endowed their convent, and for all those whose names are entered in the volume, and they earnestly beseech their successors, who will in future times serve under the banner of St. Benedict—*sub Sti. P. N. Benedicti regula militaturas*—to be careful to keep up these entries, and to see that the special daily Mass is not forgotten.

Turning again to England, we may note that among the most ancient and famous of these necrologies must be ranked the volume known as the Durham *Liber Vitæ*, now Cotton MS. Domitian, A. vii., in the British Museum. It is written in gold and silver letters, in a handwriting of the first half of the ninth century. Whether any introductory matter formerly belonged to it or not, we can only say that the ancient portion of the book at present begins simply with the heading, *Nomina Regum vel Ducum*, followed by long lists of names, which number in all some three thousand one hundred. As a German scholar, H. Hahn, has pointed out in a suggestive article in the *Neues Archiv*,<sup>3</sup> it is practically certain that this list must have been

<sup>1</sup> *Codice Necrologico-Liturgico del Monastero di S. Salvatore o S. Giulia in Brescia*. Ed. A. Valentini. Brescia, 1887.

<sup>2</sup> Ebner, in *Neues Archiv*, 1893, p. 57. It is interesting to note that the word *breviarium* is here used to designate the necrology. The circular sent from monastery to monastery containing the names of those recently dead was also called *breviarium*. See Delisle in *Bibliothèque de l'Ecole des Chartes*, vol. viii. p. 388.

<sup>3</sup> Vol. xii. (1886), p. 115; Professor H. Sweet has re-edited these lists of names in his *Earliest English Texts*, Early English Text Society, vol. lxxxiii.



transcribed from other lists of older date, some of them probably belonging to a period two centuries earlier. What is more, the volume thus written out in such costly wise in the time of Egbert, the first West Saxon King of England, was supplemented in many ways by the addition of other names in the later centuries, especially the eleventh and twelfth, and was preserved in all due honour right down to the time of the Suppression of Monasteries. In that famous record known as the Rites of Durham, which has handed on to us a description of the departed glories of the great Cathedral, written by a favourer of the old order of things, after the Reformation, we read thus :

There did lie on the high altar an excellent fine book, very richly covered with gold and silver, containing the names of all the benefactors towards St. Cuthbert's Church, from the very original foundation thereof, the very letters of the book being for the most part all gilt, as is apparent in the said book till this day. The laying that book on the high altar did show how highly they esteemed their founders and benefactors ; and the quotidian remembrance they had of them in time of Mass and Divine service. And this did argue, not only their gratitude, but also a most divine and charitable affection to the souls of their benefactors as well dead as living ; which book is yet extant, declaring the said use in the inscription thereof.

As the Durham book has no dedication, perhaps I may be pardoned for setting down in its place a translation of that which stands prefixed to another celebrated English Necrology of slightly later date.

Behold, in the name of God Almighty and of our Lord Jesus Christ and of His most Holy Mother, the ever-stainless Virgin Mary, and also of the twelve holy Apostles by whose teaching the world is rendered glorious in the true faith, to whose honour this Minster, which is called the New Minster in distinction to the old monastery hard by, there are set down here in due order the names of brethren and monks, of members of the household also (*familiariorum [sic]*), or of benefactors living and dead, that by the perishable memorial of this writing they may be written in the page of the heavenly book, by the virtue of whose almsdeeds this same family, through Christ's bounty, is fed. And let also the names of all those who have commended themselves to its prayers and its fellowship be recorded here in general, in order that remembrance may be made of them daily in the sacred celebration of the Mass or in the harmonious chanting of psalms. And let the names themselves be presented daily by the subdeacon before the altar at the

early or principal Mass, and as far as time shall allow let them be recited by him in the sight of the Most High. And after the oblation has been offered to God by the right hand of the cardinal priest<sup>1</sup> who celebrates the Mass, let the names be laid upon the holy altar during the very mysteries of the sacred Mass and be commended most humbly to God Almighty; so that as remembrance is made of them upon earth (*sicut eorum memoria agitur in terris*, a phrase from the Ordinarium Missæ), so in the life to come, by His indulgence who alone knows how they stand or are hereafter to stand in His sight, the glory of those who are of greater merit may be augmented in Heaven and the account of those who are less worthy may be lightened in His secret judgments. Be ye glad and rejoice that your names are written in Heaven, through Jesus Christ our Lord, to whom with God the Eternal Father and the Holy Ghost, there remains all honour, power, and glory for ever and ever. Amen.<sup>2</sup>

The usage which is here described as prevailing at Winchester, *c.* 1015, probably represents a custom which was then in its decline rather than freshly introduced. Hermann, Abbot of St. Martin of Tournai, a few years later speaks of the laying of the Necrology or *Liber Vitæ* upon the altar as of something no longer observed in his day, but of very ancient origin.<sup>3</sup> It seems moreover that the book was first laid upon the altar in order that the lists of the deceased might be read by the celebrant, or, as was the still earlier practice, might be whispered into his ear by the subdeacon at the *Commemoratio pro defunctis*.<sup>4</sup>

It is easy to understand that the practice of having a daily Mass offered for those whose names were enrolled in the *Liber Vitæ*, together with a continually growing appreciation of the infinite value of the Holy Sacrifice when offered as a suffrage for the souls of the departed, very soon brought about a state of things in which the participation in such privileges was an honour eagerly coveted both by Religious and people in the world. This was the origin of those associations of prayer for

<sup>1</sup> *Presbyter cardinalis*, as the term is used here, designates certain priests in a monastery who had the special privilege of saying Mass at the high altar, *altare cardinale*.

<sup>2</sup> *Hyde Register* (of the early eleventh century). Edit. W. De Gray Birch, p. 12.

<sup>3</sup> Molinier, *Les Obituaires Français au Moyen Âge*, 1890, p. 15. But the custom undoubtedly continued in many places, as at Coventry, Caen, &c.

<sup>4</sup> Cf. Adalbero of Rheims († 988), apud Molinier, *ibidem*, in whose time "quotidie in aurem presbyteri, recitante silenter subdiacono, omnium ipsius sedis nomina scripto recitantur episcoporum."

the dead, the brotherhoods, *Verbrüderungen*, *confraternitates*, which beginning in the mutual compacts of the great monasteries one with another, spread gradually through all the ranks of society and had more to do than any other cause with the development of the vast system of mediæval guilds. Of the guilds I do not wish here to speak, the subject is far too extensive, but the associations of religious houses to unite in prayer for their departed members, go back to so early a period and were so universal that they may be said to form one of the most striking features of the religious life of our ancestors for at least eight hundred years before the Reformation. It is the opinion of the writer of the article in the *Neues Archiv* already alluded to, that the practice of entering into some sort of formal compact of mutual aid for the souls of the departed had its first origin in England.<sup>1</sup> Certain it is that England supplies the first clear traces of it, and it seems equally certain that it was introduced into Germany through the English missionary, St. Boniface, and his companions. Once introduced it spread rapidly amongst the influential monasteries of Lorraine and the Rhineland, it found its way into Italy, and extended through France into Spain. Although the process of development of this system was no doubt a gradual one, it can be traced in nearly all its stages in the correspondence still preserved to us under the name of St. Boniface. To begin with England itself, we find the father of ecclesiastical learning in the West, the Venerable Bede, whose conviction of the utility and necessity of prayers for the dead is attested in twenty different ways,<sup>2</sup> begs Bishop Eadfrid and the Lindisfarne monks both to pray for him in his lifetime and "when I am dead, for the redemption of my soul as that of a member of your own household to vouchsafe to pray and to offer Mass and to enroll my name among your own," *i.e.*, in the necrology which St. Bede here in this passage calls an *album*, but in another place in his work refers to as an *annualis*. It is but little later, somewhere about the year 740, that Aldhune, Abbot, and Cneuburga and Coenburga, Abbesses, writing from Germany a collective letter to Coengilsus, Abbot of Glastonbury, mention the decease of their sisters Quoengyth and Eden, giving the date of the deposition, or burial, and begging that the names

<sup>1</sup> This is also the opinion of Dr. Ebner, *Gebets-Verbrüderungen*, pp. 30, 31.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. *e.g.* Professor Mayor's note in his edition of the *Ecclesiastical History*, p. 246; Rock, *Church of our Fathers*, ii, p. 342.

might be transmitted to all friends who lived within reach.<sup>1</sup> Sigebald, Abbot of Chertsey, about the same date, writing to St. Boniface in Germany, "beseeches on bended knees that he, Boniface, will be own Bishop to him even as his proper Bishop, Daniel of Winchester." The terms of the letter clearly show that some sort of spiritual compact was intended, involving obligations on either side; for Sigebald writes that ever since he had received word from Boniface "I have had beside me thy name enrolled along with the names of our own Bishops, whenever I celebrate Mass, and I shall never desist as long as I live, and if I should survive thee I will enroll thy name beside that of our Father, Erconwald,"<sup>2</sup>—i.e., St. Erconwald, who about fifty years earlier, before his appointment to the see of London, had founded Chertsey Abbey. So King Elfwald of East Anglia writes to the same Saint that "memoria nominis vestri in septenis monasteriorum nostrorum synaxis (*sic*) perpetua lege censi debet,"<sup>3</sup> an obscure phrase which probably means that seven Masses will be offered for him yearly in every monastery of his kingdom.<sup>4</sup> Again St. Boniface himself, in a letter to a certain Aldherius, the Abbot of some English monastery, begs him have prayers said and Masses sung for the souls of our brethren who are asleep, and who have laboured with us in the Lord, "the names of whom the bearer of these our letters *will exhibit to you*."<sup>5</sup> As time goes on the references become much more definite and explicit. St. Lullus, the English companion of Boniface, whom the latter had appointed Bishop of Mainz, writes to certain monastic superiors throughout Thuringia bidding them offer thirty Masses, according to custom, for Bishop Romanus,<sup>6</sup> recently deceased, and ten Masses each for two lay persons, Megenfrith and Hraban. We even find at the end of the Vienna MS. a formula, of apparently the same date as the correspondence, used in monasteries to give notice of the death of deceased members

<sup>1</sup> Jaffé, *Monumenta Moguntina*, p. 126; Haddan and Stubbs, *Councils*, iii. p. 345; Ebner, *Gebets-Verbrüderungen*, p. 36. Haddan and Stubbs consider this "the first instance of an association or confraternity between distant houses for mutual prayer," and Ebner endorses the remark.

<sup>2</sup> Jaffé, *ibid.* p. 167.

<sup>3</sup> Jaffé, *ibid.* p. 211.

<sup>4</sup> Haddan and Stubbs understand it as referring to the seven hours of prayer of the Office.

<sup>5</sup> Jaffé, *ibid.* p. 238.

<sup>6</sup> Jaffé, *ibid.* p. 282. Jaffé thought it possible that this *Episcopus Romanus* might mean the Pope, but Hahn and Olsner have shown that it was Romanus, Bishop of Meaux, who died in 755 (Ebner, p. 51).

of the community, begging that suffrages may be offered for them *solito more*, and that the names may be copied out and sent to other religious houses to be prayed for.

Hence we are hardly surprised to find that several of the letters in the same collection, directed from English kings and princes to their brethren on the Continent, or *vice versa*, have no other apparent object than to ask for prayers; as may be seen, for instance, in the joint epistle of Eardulf and Eardwulf, the Bishop of Rochester and the King of Kent, to St. Lullus of Mainz, in the latter half of the eighth century.<sup>1</sup> A few fragments will be sufficient to show its tenour.

This, then, is in every way our desire, that we may most earnestly commend ourselves and our dear ones to your Beatitude, so that being protected and fenced round by your prayers and intercessions, which are alike holy and pleasing to God, we may be defended against all the assaults of the enemy. . . .

. . . What, then, remains for us to do, honoured sir, save that as long as we all survive, God so disposing and arranging the end of all things, we should be faithful to our engagements one towards another. And for the future, whichever one of us may enter first upon the passage, the happy passage, as I hope, to the next life, the survivor without delay, by Masses and almsdeeds, should constantly remember his journey hence, and strive as far as lies in his power to assist and prosper it, and we earnestly pray that by this our most faithful brother priest, Lacaroredus by name (the bearer of the letter), you will notify to us your approval. . . . We have sent you, therefore, the names of our relatives deceased, that is to say, Irmige, Noththry, and Duhcha, all virgins dedicated to God, asking you to include them in your offerings of Masses and the suffrages of your prayers; for we also are prepared to render the like service to you in turn.

The letters, indeed, in this collection dealing with the *confraternitas*, or, as St. Boniface describes it in writing to the Abbot of Monte Cassino, "the family ties (*familiaritas*) of fraternal charity," are too numerous to be separately discussed. Let us content ourselves with a final example of the same period which, though not between English abbey, undoubtedly reflects the English influence which then dominated central Europe.

The document we speak of is the letter of association, of which there seems to be no reason to doubt the authenticity,

<sup>1</sup> Jaffé, *ibid.* p. 285; Haddan and Stubbs, iii. p. 400; there is a very similar letter to St. Lullus from the King and Queen of Northumbria.

drawn up about the year 800, between the Monastery of St. Gall and that of Reichenau. It is interesting not only on account of the minute detail into which it enters concerning the precise suffrages to be offered for the dead, but also because it clearly reveals the origin out of which grew the commemoration of All Souls, which was not definitely assigned to the 2nd of November until some two hundred years afterwards. The agreement prescribes that when in either monastery the death of a monk was announced belonging to the other, all those who were priests were to celebrate three Masses that same day for the soul of the deceased; those who were not priests would recite the psalter and sing the night Offices for the same intention. A week afterwards thirty psalms were to be said for the monk who had died, and on the thirtieth day each priest would again say Mass, and each non-priest would recite fifty psalms. At the beginning of each month the Office of the Dead was to be said by both communities for all their deceased members, and a special commemoration was to be made for the soul which had last passed away. Lastly, both monasteries would celebrate every year a solemn anniversary on the xviii.th of the Kalends of December (14 November). On that occasion each priest would say three Masses, and the rest would recite the whole psalter and chant the Office for the Dead.<sup>1</sup>

When we remember that a common custom was widely prevalent in the later middle ages, allowing priests to say three Masses upon All Souls' day, and that this is still the privilege of the Spanish clergy even in our own time, we are led to the conclusion that the honour of instituting a feast to commemorate the faithful departed cannot, as is frequently done, be ascribed unreservedly to the initiative of St. Odilo of Clugny in 998. Seeing that in the document just referred to a celebration which differs little from that now observed, was kept as early as A.D. 800 on the 14th of November, it appears that St. Odilo can have done little more than popularize the custom and advance its date by twelve days.

Such was the system of Sacrifice and Prayer for the Dead which even before the year 800, before England, that is, had become one kingdom, attained to a full development both here and abroad. It would be easy to accumulate a vast amount of evidence on this point. It would be easy from the wording

<sup>1</sup> Piper, *Liber Confraternitatum S. Galli* in *Monumenta Germaniae, Necrologia*, p. 140.



of early charters and wills to show that nothing was dearer to the heart of the Christians of those days than to secure that after their death Mass should be said and suffrages offered for their souls, or to prove, from all the remains which we possess of the liturgy then in use, that a most prominent place was always given in it to intercession for the departed.<sup>1</sup> However, I prefer to devote the remainder of my space to one special point regarding the nature of these "Sacrifices of Masses"—a point which it seems to me our Anglican friends are singularly anxious to ignore.

Sorely driven as they are to discover some escape from the unqualified condemnation in the formularies of the Established Church of what was the very centre and marrow of the religious life of our forefathers, they have found comfort of late years in maintaining that what the Articles anathematize is the abuse of *private* Masses, or at least that multiplication of private Masses which led, it is averred, before the Reformation, to much venality, sacrilege, irreverence, and superstition. Passing over the fact that there is nothing in the Articles and much less in the Homilies to countenance such an interpretation; the only point I care to dwell upon here is this, that the practice of the sixteenth century amongst Catholics in regard to the multiplication of Masses was also the practice of the earliest period of the Church in England, and that "the blasphemous fables" which the Articles condemn were the cherished beliefs of those whom Anglicans profess to revere as their Fathers in the faith, men like St. Theodore and St. Cuthbert, St. Wilfrid and St. Bede.

It is in connection with this topic that the convention just quoted between the Monasteries of St. Gall and Reichenau in A.D. 800 becomes specially instructive. It is there provided that the priests shall say three Masses in one day, not only at the time of the annual commemoration for the dead, but at the decease of each Religious in either monastery, and this in addition to certain other Masses which each priest binds himself to say as opportunity offers. When we remember that the greater monasteries like St. Gall and Reichenau often numbered a hundred or two hundred brethren, that a large proportion of them, as the obituary-books themselves indicate, had been promoted to Holy Orders, and that such *Verbrüderungen*, or

<sup>1</sup> The subject is very fully treated both in Lingard's *Anglo-Saxon Church*, vol. ii., and in Rock's *Church of our Fathers*, vol. ii. pp. 318, seq.



compacts of brotherhood, were often entered into, not with one only, but a dozen or more great religious houses,<sup>1</sup> it becomes at once obvious that the number of Masses on the same day in a single monastery must on some occasions have been immense, and that to regard them as anything but "private Masses," Masses said with a single server, or at best two, would be utterly preposterous. Even the ordinance of Theodore, which required but two or three Masses at the death of each priest, or that of Celchyth or Chelsea in 816, which prescribed the saying of one hundred and twenty at the death of a bishop or prelate, would have been sufficiently burdensome, but the requirements of Masses which are made in many of the formulæ of confraternity still preserved to us go far beyond this.

Neither can it be said that the relations of St. Gall and Reichenau afford no criterion of English practice. The monasteries of Germany throughout the eighth century kept up intimate relations with those of Great Britain precisely in this matter, and, as is now very generally admitted, it was from England itself that the movement had spread. In a letter from Cuthbert, Archbishop of Canterbury, to St. Lullus of Mainz, about A.D. 758, the writer tells him that he has duly entered in his own necrologies the names of the brethren which have been sent to him, and that he has already had more than ninety Masses said for them.<sup>2</sup> In the Synod of Attigny, held in 762, there were present twenty-two bishops, five mitred abbots, and seventeen simple abbots. By common consent they, amongst other ecclesiastical measures, drew up an agreement in which at the death of any one of these forty-four presumably aged men, each of the others should have a hundred special Masses and a hundred psalters said by his priests for the repose of the soul of the deceased. What is more, each one of them undertook to say thirty Masses for the departed soul himself, and if he were prevented by infirmity or any unavoidable impediment, he was to induce some other Bishop to say them for him.<sup>3</sup> Now, standing almost first among the signatures to this document, we find the name of the Englishman, Lullus of Mainz—I may add, in passing, that amongst the other Bishops appears the name of the even more famous English

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Ebner, *Klösterlichen Gebets-Verbrüderungen*, pp. 43, seq. Before the middle of the ninth century Reichenau had entered into these relations with no less than fifty-four monasteries, including Monte Cassino.

<sup>2</sup> Jaffé, p. 264.

<sup>3</sup> *Monumenta Germaniæ, Leges*, vol. i. p. 29; Ebner, *op. cit.*, p. 52; Hefele, *Concilien-Geschichte*, iii. 603. Second Edit.

missionary, St. Willibald of Eichstädt—and when we remember how many engagements of a similar nature St. Lullus had already taken upon himself,<sup>1</sup> as is clearly to be seen in the correspondence from which I have quoted, the conclusion from this and many like documents seems to me to be irresistible, and it is, that not only every Bishop and every individual priest was accustomed as a rule to celebrate Mass daily, but that it was usual, when obligations of this kind accumulated, for priests to say not one, but two, three, or even more Masses upon the same morning. I am even inclined to think that by the *speciales missæ* of which we hear both at Attigny and in the *conlaudatio*<sup>2</sup> of the Synod of Dingolfing (A.D. 769 or 771), we must understand the special *Missa pro Defunctis*, which was said in addition to the Mass of the day, just as down to the present time the recitation of the Office for the Dead, even on the Commemoration of All Souls itself, is always superadded to the ordinary Office of the Church. It is, of course, no new discovery that at this period it was not uncommon for priests to say more than one Mass in the day. But there is a tendency to believe that the practice was always regarded as somewhat of an abuse, and that the multiplication of Masses was caused very largely by a spirit of greed,<sup>3</sup> or by some other unworthy motive. At the epoch with which we are dealing, though abuses may no doubt have existed, the practice of duplicating, even on ordinary weekdays, seems to have been regarded by holy bishops and monks with no suspicion, but rather looked upon as a commendable act of charity when it brought relief to the suffering souls of their brethren who had died either in their own or any federated monastery. There is certainly no condemnation of the practice in the fifth canon of the twelfth Synod of Toledo,<sup>4</sup> A.D. 681.

<sup>1</sup> We know that St. Lullus had entered into agreements of this kind with Canterbury, Worcester, Winchester, York, Rochester, Wearmouth, Jarrow, Luxeuil, Utrecht, Fritzlar, and probably others. There cannot have been a week in the year in which he was not called upon to say Masses for the deceased brethren of one or other of these. (Cf. Ebner, l.c. p. 38.)

<sup>2</sup> *Monumenta Germaniæ*, Legg. iii. 461; Hefele, *Concilien-Geschichte*, iii. p. 612; while the agreement of the Dingolfing Synod closely copies that of Attigny, it further obliges each Bishop or Abbot to get thirty Masses said after death for every one of the simple priests or monks who are their subjects.

<sup>3</sup> It should be remembered that the offering of the people was a part of the Mass, and that two Masses instead of one meant two offerings instead of one, bread and wine in earlier times, or two Mass pennies in later ages. The abuse of the multiplication of Masses was very rife in the time of Giraldus Cambrensis.

<sup>4</sup> Hefele, *Concilien-Geschichte*, iii. 317. Second Edit.

Some priests [so runs the decree] if they say several Masses on one day, only receive Holy Communion at the last of them. This must never happen in future, under pain of a year's excommunication for each Communion so neglected. A priest must communicate every time that he offers the Holy Sacrifice.<sup>1</sup>

What the Council condemns is clearly not the repetition of the Masses, but the neglect to communicate at each of them. Again, in the Acts of the Synod of Dingolfing, in 932, we find a list of feasts and fasts, and it is explicitly enjoined upon the clergy that on all the days of this latter class each priest must say three Masses<sup>2</sup> as a matter of duty. The Synod of Trier, in 1227, makes special mention of the Mass for the Dead which it was always permissible to say in addition to the Mass for the day,<sup>3</sup> and in 1092, the Synod of Seligenstadt contented itself with enjoining<sup>4</sup> that no priest must say more than three Masses.

We find that Gregory of Tours at an earlier date, as he tells us himself, celebrated as many as seven Masses in one day, though he is careful to add, in deference to the canons which

<sup>1</sup> This decree, and a canon amongst those attributed to St. Patrick, *De oblatione pro defunctis* (Haddan and Stubbs, vol. ii. p. 335), throw much light on the perplexing clause of Theodore's *Penitential*, vi. 10 (Haddan and Stubbs, vol. iii. p. 195) which Haddan and Stubbs print in this form: *Non est licitum missas celebrare presbitero vel diacono cui non licet vel non vult communionem accipere*. A careless reader might infer that there was question here of a deacon celebrating Mass, or that the practice was condemned of not communicating at every Mass. But a more careful examination of the context must completely exclude any such hypothesis. The whole section is headed, *De Missis Defunctorum*, and the last four clauses of it are concerned with the question, for whom is it lawful to offer Mass after death? § 7 says that, despite a common opinion to the contrary, Mass may be offered for children under seven years of age. § 8 asserts that, in the judgment of Denis the Areopagite, it would be blasphemous to offer Mass for a man of evil life. § 9 corrects this by adducing the contrary opinion of St. Augustine to the effect that the Holy Sacrifice may be offered for all Christians; lastly, in § 10, we are told that it is not lawful to offer Mass for a priest or deacon, who either was suspended from the exercise of the ministry (*cui non licet*), or who refused of his own accord (*qui non vult*) to receive Communion. That this is the meaning becomes clear when we read § 12 in the pseudo-Patrician canons, "De oblatione pro defunctis. Audi Apostolun dicentem, 'est autem peccatum ad mortem, non pro illo dico ut roget quis.' Et Dominus; 'nolite donare sanctum canibus;' qui enim in vita sua non merebitur (? merebatur) sacrificium accipere, quomodo post mortem illi poterit adjuvare?" In our MSS. of the Theodorian canon, the preposition *pro* has slipped out. The abuse of saying Mass without the celebrant himself communicating, is one which is several times severely denounced in early synods and councils, and these decrees have sometimes been misinterpreted as prohibiting the celebration of Mass unless the *assistants* communicated. It was alleged as a grievous charge against Pope John XII., who was deposed in 963, that he had said Mass without communicating. (Hefele, vol. iv. p. 612.)

<sup>2</sup> Hefele, *Concilien-Geschichte*, vol. iv. p. 592. Second Edit.

<sup>3</sup> Cf. Hefele, *Ibid.* vol. iv. p. 603.

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.* p. 672.

were then in force, that he said them all at different altars;<sup>1</sup> and Walafrid Strabo had heard on credible authority that Pope Leo IV. was sometimes not contented with fewer than seven or nine.<sup>2</sup> These, however, as sufficiently appears from the terms in which they are spoken of, were clearly regarded as extreme cases. On the other hand, it seems undoubtedly to have been the common practice during many centuries for devout and earnest priests to add a second Mass *pro Defunctis* to the Mass for the day, and on vigils, All Souls, Christmas Day, and other special occasions, the celebration of three Masses was the normal and ordinary usage.

It is impossible to recall these facts, and to consider the enormous number of Masses which, in virtue of their compacts of fraternity with other religious houses, were said in the great monasteries even as early as the eighth century, without coming to realize that there never was a time in the history of the Church in England before the Reformation, when "private Masses" were not the rule. How would it have been possible at Glastonbury, or Jarrow, or Evesham, to assemble a congregation and a quorum of communicants, such as the Church of England requires for her service, for each one of the score, and sometimes many score, of Masses which will have been said in such a monastery on the same day? A question much agitated in those early times was, whether a priest could say Mass "alone," *i.e.*, without a server, and the answer generally returned was that he could not. The Council of Tours, in 813, forbids priests to say Mass "alone," and gives as the reason for this enactment the incongruity of the salutation, *Dominus vobiscum*, when there was no one present to whom it could be addressed.<sup>3</sup> Shortly afterwards, in 829, the Council of Paris passed a similar decree, quoting the same reason for it, but with a slight change in the wording, according to which the celebration of Mass is prohibited *sine ministris*, without servers. On the other hand, in one of the penitential canons current about the same period, and printed by Wasserschleben, there seems to be a distinct permission accorded to priests to celebrate without a server—*presbytero liceat soli missam facere*<sup>4</sup>—but the meaning of the particular canon is not altogether clear.

<sup>1</sup> Bk. v. ch. 49.

<sup>2</sup> *Liber de Rebus Ecclesiasticis*, cap. 31. Cf. Bintherim, *Denkwürdigkeiten*, vol. iv. pt. 3, pp. 161-2.

<sup>3</sup> Hefele, *Concilien-Geschichte*, vol. iii. p. 763. Second Edit.

<sup>4</sup> *Die Bussordnung der abenländischen Kirche*, p. 152.

In the face of these very plain facts, it requires, it seems to me, a mind of quite singular audacity, and, I may add, not a little insincerity, to represent the framers and signatories of the Thirty-nine Articles as being at one with those great Bishops and teachers of the Church in Saxon England whom we all delight to honour. Twist the words as you may, it is clear that those beliefs which are characterized as "blasphemous fables and dangerous deceits" were not merely the innovations of the venal, the dissolute, and the superstitious, but the deep convictions of Archbishop St. Theodore and all his successors, of doctors like St. Bede and St. Anselm, of apostles like St. Boniface and St. Willibald. These would gladly have laid down their lives for the truth that the Mass, said in the most secret place, with none but the angels and the server to hear it, was a true sacrifice infinitely pleasing to God and powerful beyond any other form of supplication to benefit the living and the dead.

Let me conclude this paper by citing the formal compact of fraternity entered into between the Abbot of the New Minster at Winchester and certain Bishops and Abbots whose names have not been preserved. Such agreements have been frequently referred to above, but I have quoted no specimen belonging to this country. The document (about A.D. 1020) is not as early as others which might be cited, but it is written in Anglo-Saxon, and is thus in more ways than one representatively English.

This is the agreement which the Bishops and Abbots have made for their own advantages. First, that they be all in unity and love towards God and the world, and as though they were *cor unum et anima una*, and they have appointed that at every Mass that any of them shall celebrate, he shall commemorate his fellow-brotherhood with three separate collects, and each one of them shall take care that some one sing every week a separate Mass for all the associates, and when the moment of departing this life come to any member, and it is made known, then let them ring all the bells and sing xv. psalms, and let each Bishop himself sing three Masses for the soul. Besides this, let him take heed to say xxx. Masses and xxx. evensongs and xxx. nocturns, and in addition lx. Masses<sup>1</sup> or as many psalters, and set free one man for that soul, and feed one poor man from his table for xxx. days, giving him each day also one penny, and upon the xxx.th day let him wash as many poor men as he possibly can, and give all of them food

<sup>1</sup> The thirty Masses formed a trental, and were probably meant to be said continuously. The sixty others might be said at any time.

and drink and help to clothe them if they require aught. May God recompense, as it seemeth best to Himself, those who with His help carry out this convention. Amen.<sup>1</sup>

The reader will see that the saying of Masses and prayers were not the only good works which were commonly practised to benefit the souls of the departed. But it would take us too far to discuss at present the almsdeeds, the manumission of slaves, and the other acts of humility and charity which were done by our Catholic forefathers, as the old phrase variously runs, *pro remedio*, *pro redemptione*, or *pro refrigerio animæ*.

HERBERT THURSTON.

<sup>1</sup> W. de Gray Birch, *Hyde Register*, p. 47, from Cotton MS. *Titus*, D. xxvi. f. 17, b.

### *Thievery at the State Paper Office.*

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IN the introduction to his well-known history of the Gunpowder Plot, Mr. Jardine has the following remarks :

"Although the documents upon the subject, preserved in the State Paper Office, are very numerous, and constitute a body of evidence of incalculable value to the historical inquirer, the collection is not by any means complete. Many important papers which were particularly mentioned and abstracted by Bishop Andrews, Dr. Abbott, Casaubon, and other contemporary writers, and some of which were copied by Archbishop Sancroft from the originals, so lately as the close of the seventeenth century, are not now to be found. It is remarkable that precisely those papers which constitute the most important evidence against Garnet and the other Jesuits are missing ; so that if the controversy respecting their criminal implication in the Plot depended upon the fair effect of the original documents now to be found in the State Paper Office, impartial readers might probably hesitate to form a decided opinion against them."

Having enumerated the principal papers which have thus disappeared, Mr. Jardine continues :

"That all of these documents were in the State Paper Office in 1613, when Dr. Abbott wrote his *Antilogia*, is evident from the copious extracts from them published in that work ; and a literal copy of the first of them, made by Archbishop Sancroft many years afterwards from the State Papers, is still in existence. The originals of these documents, and many others mentioned by Dr. Abbott and Sancroft, are, however, not now to be found in the proper depository for them, and it is undoubtedly a singular accident that, among so large a mass of documents, precisely those should be abstracted upon whose authenticity the question so hotly disputed between the Catholics and Protestants mainly depended."



Before going any farther, it may be well to observe that in the above passage Mr. Jardine has used the same word in two very different senses, which may easily cause confusion. When he speaks of Dr. Abbott here having "abstracted" the documents in question, he means "made an abstract" of them; when he speaks of them as being afterwards "abstracted" by some person unknown, he means "purloined." It must also be remarked that, according to Mr. Jardine's admission, the "fair effect" of the documents now discoverable, is not to establish in a satisfactory manner the guilt of those who have been so frequently described as the ringleaders in the Powder Treason, and he implies that, to substantiate the case against them, we must have recourse to evidence which we have not got. It is clear, however, from what we have heard, that he considered the disappearance of these papers to be itself so suspicious as to indicate that, being fatally damaging to the Catholic cause, they have accordingly been stolen by its adherents in the interests of historic untruth.

That this was indeed his meaning, Mr. Jardine found occasion at a later date to declare more explicitly. His history of the famous Plot appeared originally in 1832.<sup>1</sup> Twenty-five years later it was reissued in a somewhat different form,<sup>2</sup> repeating without alteration the remarks on the missing documents which we have already seen. Thus reproduced, they attracted the notice of a reviewer who quoted them in the *Times*,<sup>3</sup> in which journal they met the eye of Mr. Lemon, of the State Paper Office, whose father, as Deputy Keeper, had for many years been chiefly responsible for the safety of the Public Records. Mr. Lemon lost no time in protesting against what he conceived to be an imputation on the memory of his father, and Mr. Jardine in reply explained the real scope of his insinuations, in a letter now prefixed to the celebrated *Gunpowder Plot Book*, in which are collected the principal documents relating to the famous conspiracy. In this letter he declares that, far from intending any such charge as was supposed, the words complained of did but express the views of Mr. Lemon, senior, himself. "In fact," writes Mr. Jardine, "the passage referred to what he often observed to me, that 'those fellows the Jesuits,' in the time of

<sup>1</sup> It formed the second volume of his *Criminal Trials*, published by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge.

<sup>2</sup> *A Narrative of the Gunpowder Plot*. London: John Murray, 1857.

<sup>3</sup> November 5, 1857.

the Powder Plot (not the Gunpowder Plot),<sup>1</sup> had stolen away some of the most damning proofs against Garnet. That 'thievery' of some kind abstracted such documents as the *Treatise of Equivocation*, with Garnet's handwriting on it, the most important of the Interlocutions between Garnet and Hall in the Tower, and all the examinations of Garnet respecting the Pope's Breves, is quite clear. The first 'thievery' I have proved to have been made by Archbishop Laud, the others probably occurred in the reigns of Charles II. and James II., when Jesuits and 'Jesuited persons' had free access to the State Paper Office. A comparison of the documents cited by Bishop Abbott in the *Antilogia* with the present Calendar would nearly denote what has been lost."

The charge thus airily advanced merits some attention. Mr. Lemon and Mr. Jardine were both honourable men and conscientious historians, which makes it the more extraordinary that in such a case as this they should consider the most reckless license of assumption to be permissible. Without doubt it is a simple, and generally effective, rule—"When in doubt, play a Jesuit," and the bare mention of a name so fraught with suggestions of knavery and craft, goes a long way to explain whatever seems dark and dishonest. But the very simplicity of so summary a device for solving all problems is not without its drawbacks. The sagacious Horace cautioned playwrights long ago that only as a last resource should the services of a god be requisitioned to extricate them from their difficulties :

Nec deus intersit nisi dignus vindice nodus  
Inciderit.

Which precept may thus be done into English :

Till nothing else the knot will disengage,  
Bring not your Jesuit upon the stage.

In the present instance it is with a very large assumption that we have to start. For close upon three centuries since the period in question the State Papers have been in the safe custody of those least likely to do anything in favour of Popery. During five or six years at most of that period, is it possible to suppose that Catholics have had a chance of doing anything with them, if indeed there should appear to be any grounds for thinking that they ever had any chance at all? Yet, we are to take for granted, that if there has been foul play, "those

<sup>1</sup> I am quite unable to discover or suggest the meaning of this distinction.

fellows the Jesuits" alone can have indulged in it. They alone had anything to fear from the truth of history, and accordingly, with marvellous promptitude and vigour, they utilized their scant opportunities, to do what the simple and guileless persons who had the game for so long a period in their hands, were obviously incapable of attempting.

Moreover, this assumption is the sole ground upon which the charge we have heard is based, for when we pass to facts we find absolutely nothing to support it. Mr. Jardine tells us that in one instance he has traced the "thievery" home, and that the culprit is Archbishop Laud. Laud, it need hardly be said, was not a Jesuit, nor even a "Jesuited person," and, for all his High Church principles, did not hesitate to persecute Catholics. His, however, is an unpopular name, and it is interesting to observe what kind of proofs are thought good enough to convict him.

According to Mr. Jardine's own statement, the case stands thus.<sup>1</sup> In 1612, Archbishop Abbott, of Canterbury, borrowed from the State Paper Office fifty-one documents<sup>2</sup> connected with the Gunpowder Plot, presumably for the use of his brother Robert, afterwards Bishop successively of Salisbury, Ely, and Winchester, who published in the following year his polemical work, the *Antilogia*, of which we have heard and shall hear more. On July 1st, 1614, he restored them all to Mr. Pepys, the responsible officer, with the exception of two, of which one was the *Treatise of Equivocation*. This, Laud, who in 1633 succeeded Abbott as Archbishop, afterwards presented to the Bodleian Library at Oxford, where it is still to be seen, with Father Garnet's notes upon it. If there were thievery here, it was of a very strange and objectless kind, and certainly was not perpetrated with any intention of concealing a document, the preservation of which was so effectually secured. Moreover, it would appear that the charge should lie against Abbott rather than Laud, and whatever savour of Romanism may be supposed to attach to the latter, the Protestantism of the former was of the purest water, for he was a most fierce and bitter enemy of Catholics, who in their turn, according to an informer,<sup>3</sup> "curse the Archbishop who persecutes them mightily." It is also to be observed that the officer in charge of the Records was fully aware that the

<sup>1</sup> Introduction to the *Treatise of Equivocation*, p. v.

<sup>2</sup> *Dom. James I.* lxxi. 15.

<sup>3</sup> *Dom. James I.* lxxxi. 66—1.

document had been retained by Abbott, as is testified by a note made by him, which still remains.

When we pass from the accusation spoken of as established against an Anglican Archbishop, to that, purely conjectural, against the luckless Jesuits, it soon becomes evident that we find ourselves upon ground still more insecure, and that, apart from the bad character of the accused, there is absolutely nothing to go upon. What reason is there, in the first place, for supposing that Jesuits and "Jesuited persons," ever at any period were allowed the free run of the public offices, or had the opportunity of manipulating at their discretion the documents there contained? Mr. Jardine seems to imply that the times of Charles II. and James II. were for them a golden age, when they were able to do as they chose. If, however, he is correct in saying that Archbishop Sancroft made transcripts of some of the missing MSS. "so lately as the close of the seventeenth century," it would seem that the period to which their "thievery" is assigned must be reduced to exceedingly brief dimensions. But, which is far more important, the time of Charles II. was one in which Jesuits figured on the gallows at Tyburn far more frequently than elsewhere. The notorious Popish Plot of Titus Oates roused the nation to a pitch of frenzy such as was not produced by the Gunpowder Plot itself, and many more members of the Society suffered death in consequence upon this occasion than had upon the other. This was moreover the period of the Test Act, expressly intended to secure the exclusion of Catholics from every kind of public employment, and with men like Shaftesbury and Scroggs to watch over the Protestant cause, it is the most absurd of all suppositions that those whose very name was enough to arouse panic in the nation, should have been allowed unobserved to penetrate into the most secret departments of State.

As to the brief reign of James II., we must not forget that things were not managed in England as they are under the Constitution of the United States. There, when a party comes into power, it drives its opponents from every office, great and small, and substitutes its own adherents, for "to the victors belong the spoils." But though King James was himself a Catholic, it was quite out of his power to effect any such transformation. There is, indeed, nothing to show that he attempted to do so, or even thought of doing it. On this

subject Mr. Fox is a witness beyond suspicion, who declares<sup>1</sup> that the most unimpeachable evidence proves the King's great object to have been, after the manner of his race, to make himself independent of Parliament, not to re-establish Popery, which he considered a more remote contingency, as is apparent from the fact that his policy was zealously supported by Protestant statesmen, who neither had, nor were ever suspected of having, any sympathy for the creed of their royal master.

What James did attempt to obtain for Catholics, as well as for Protestant nonconformists, was toleration and the common rights of Englishmen, and it was this attempt which roused so much fury. The King would fain have had the Test Act abolished, but as this could not be done he claimed the right of dispensing with it in particular cases, especially desiring to give commissions in the army to Catholics who had fought for his father. Straightway, the evasion of a provision for securing to members of the State Church a monopoly of public employments, was represented as an attack on the liberties of the country. Thus we read as follows in a broadsheet published after the Revolution, with the elegant and characteristic title, "Rome in an uproar: or the Pope's Bulls brought to the Baiting Stake by old Father Peters."

When England half ruined had cause to be sad,  
The Pope's bloody Bulls they began to run mad,  
Because we had given them shelter awhile,  
They ran about raging all over the Isle:  
These merciless Beasts, their rage for to feast,  
They gored and had like to have murdered our Test:  
But just in the intrin there came in a Friend  
Who did the poor Test from their Fury defend.

This has the true seventeenth century ring. It was altogether intolerable that the victims of persecution should attempt to slip out of their fetters, showing themselves ungrateful for the undeserved privilege of being allowed to live, and the nation was undone if its loaves and fishes found their way to any but a section of its members.

Those on whose behalf James intervened, naturally became marked men, and many jealous eyes closely observed them, to discover something in their conduct which might be turned against them. In fact, the Catholicity of the Sovereign served to inflame and excite still more the jealousy and vigilance of

<sup>1</sup> *History of the Reign of James II.*, p. 102.

the Protestant party. The House of Commons formally asserted the lawfulness of speaking and writing against Popery; they refused to reverse the attainder of Lord Stafford, one of the victims of Titus Oates; they even went so far as to agree unanimously on a petition to the King, for the full execution of the penal laws against his co-religionists.<sup>1</sup> The French Ambassador, Barillon, dwelt frequently, in his despatches, on the difficulties which awaited James if he should endeavour to procure for his fellow-Catholics the rights which other Englishmen enjoyed.

It must, moreover, be remembered that in the seventeenth century things were not made easy for the searcher amongst State Papers, as they are for us to-day. There was no Public Record Office; documents were stored, or rather huddled together, in various receptacles, from Westminster to the Tower; there were neither catalogues, nor calendars, nor courteous officials to place their knowledge at the service of the inquirer; still more important, the doors were jealously kept shut. The idea of admitting the public in general to examine documents of State, would at that period have appeared so ridiculous, that it could have crossed the mind of no man whether in or out of authority. None could possibly gain admission except men of position and importance, whose comings and goings must have been notorious; it would have been impossible even for these to have done anything without the assistance of many permanent officials; even with this it is hard to understand how they could have found anything they wanted. It is not easy to believe that men who approved the inspection of records by such a prelate as Sancroft, should have been consenting parties to the underhand proceedings of Papists, and have said nothing about them even in the days of the glorious Revolution; it is still more difficult to believe that if the documents in question had really been amongst the State Papers, Sancroft or any one else could ever have obtained the use of them.

The State Paper Office, distinctively so called, to which such documents as these appertain, was at that time housed in certain apartments in the Palace of Whitehall.<sup>2</sup> In January, 1619, a great part of the palace had been destroyed by fire, and although the particular tower had escaped which contained

<sup>1</sup> Barillon to Louis XIV., June 7, 1685 (*apud* Fox, xcv.).

<sup>2</sup> S. F. Thomas, *Handbook to the Public Records*, 449.



these papers, they were thrown into extreme disorder by being hastily cast into blankets in order to save them. The confusion thus produced appears long to have continued, as might naturally be expected in view of the troublous times shortly ensuing, while even in regard of documents dating from a subsequent period, business was evidently conducted in a haphazard fashion now scarcely credible. In 1708<sup>1</sup>, a special commission of the House of Lords reported as to the "Paper Office," "Their Lordships find that no Public Papers have been delivered into that Office, by the Secretaries of State, since Sir Leoline Jenkins was Secretary [who quitted office in 1684], and that many papers which ought to be there are wanting, and that particularly the Treaty of Breda is lost, and the present officer cannot tell where the Treaty of Reswick remains."<sup>2</sup> When such articles as treaties of comparatively recent date could thus elude discovery, what must have been the case with minor documents, especially if they had got amongst the blankets? Nearly two years earlier,<sup>3</sup> a similar report drew a graphic picture of the state of things in the Tower, from which we may infer what it was likely to be elsewhere. "Under the leads in the White Tower, multitudes of Records, in several reigns, some relating to State matters, and others to proceedings in courts of justice, lie in confused heaps, and, if care be not speedily taken of them, are in great danger of utterly perishing." In 1756, on the taking down of the gateway over which they lay, the State Papers were removed to another gallery, many of them being found to be much injured by damp and filth,<sup>4</sup> and by the inroads of vermin.<sup>5</sup> At the commencement of the present century things were little better, if at all, and the House of Commons represented to George III., that the Public Records of the kingdom were in many offices, "unarranged, undescribed, and unascertained; that many of them were exposed to erasure, alteration, and embezzlement, and were lodged in buildings incommodious and insecure."<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Journals of the Lords*, January 17, 1708<sup>5</sup>.

<sup>2</sup> March 30, 1704.

<sup>3</sup> *Record Commission Report*, 1800, p. 68.

<sup>4</sup> Thomas, *ut sup.*

<sup>5</sup> *Record Commission Report*, 1800—1812, p. 1.

In his *New Sources of English History*, Mr. J. S. Brewer gives some interesting particulars as to the condition in which the Public Records were so long allowed to remain. The following extracts will illustrate what has been said.

1. "Dispersed in various quarters of the metropolis, some at the Tower, some at Carlton Ride, some in the Chapter House at Westminster, others at the Rolls House; exposed to weather, dust and smoke; stowed away in sacks, boxes, and hampers;



From all this it may be inferred that unless their nefarious disposition had been supplemented by a magical power of discovering needles in haystacks, "those fellows the Jesuits," with the best will in the world, would not have been likely to succeed in running to earth the papers of which they were in quest.

The charge advanced by Mr. Lemon and Mr. Jardine is in fact so purely gratuitous, and so devoid of any semblance of historical value, as scarcely to merit serious attention. At the same time, it is highly instructive to observe on how slight a basis authorities such as they are content to rest accusations gravely injurious to Catholics, while there is not a little in connection with the missing documents themselves, which is extremely curious and interesting. To a fuller consideration of them I will now turn.

According to Mr. Jardine the papers purloined, presumably in the interest of Father Garnet's reputation, are the following :

- (i.) The Treatise on Equivocation, with notes in Garnet's hand, of which we have heard.
- (ii.) One of the Interlocutions, or overheard conversations, between Garnet and Oldcorne (*alias* Hall), in the Tower.
- (iii.) An intercepted letter from Garnet, when in the Tower to Greenway.

unmanageable from their vastness and unwieldiness; little known, and therefore attracting little attention—successive Governments were contented to believe that these muniments were in some sense preserved, and equally contented that they should be of no use to any one." (p. 4.)

2. [Mr. Henry Cole's evidence before the Committee of 1836.] "Some were in a state of inseparable adhesion to the stone walls; there were numerous fragments which had only just escaped entire consumption by vermin, and many were in the last stage of putrefaction. Decay and damp had rendered a large quantity so fragile as hardly to admit of being touched; others, particularly those in the form of rolls, were so coagulated together that they could not be uncoiled. Six or seven perfect skeletons of rats (exhibited by the witness to the Committee) were found imbedded, and bones of these vermin were generally distributed through the mass." (p. 7.)

3. A searcher requiring a transcript of a short paragraph in a very long document (after payment of multitudinous fees in searching), was told that the price would be £145. (p. 11.)

4. "In 1763 an officer of the Board of Trade had occasion to refer to certain documents of the age of Charles I., and applied for that purpose to the Privy Council Office. Nothing was known there of the papers or even of the office to which they belonged; 'but a venerable clerk had a dim recollection that he had heard, in his youth, of the existence of some old books in the room near the gateway of Whitehall, and suggested a search, which, after many adventures with decayed staircases, locksmiths, flocks of pigeons, and accumulations of filth, proved eventually to be successful.'" (p. 9.)

- (iv.) An intercepted letter from Garnet, in the Tower, to the Fathers and Brothers of the Society, dated on Palm Sunday (April 13), 1606.
- (v.) The examinations of Garnet respecting the Pope's Breves, received by him in the time of Queen Elizabeth, and containing directions as to the course to be adopted by Catholics, on her demise, in regard of the succession.
- (vi.) Sundry confessions of Guy Faukes, dated November 19, 25, and 30, 1605, and January 20, 1606.

It is, in the first place, difficult to understand, on Mr. Jardine's own showing, how the disappearance of these documents can so seriously affect the verdict of history upon the point in question, for whatever has become of the originals, we know exactly what was in them, or at least all that could be turned to Father Garnet's discredit.

As we have already seen, the Treatise of Equivocation, Garnet's notes and all, is extant and accessible in its original entirety; nor for our present purpose does it signify that it should be found in the Bodleian Library rather than the Record Office.

The interlocution between Garnet and Oldcorne, represented as so important—though it is not very easy to see in what its importance consists—may itself have vanished, but there remains, likewise in the Bodleian, a literal transcript of it, made by no less a personage than Sancroft, Archbishop of Canterbury.

The examinations respecting the Pope's Breves, can have no bearing on the subject of the Gunpowder Plot, for, as has been said, the said Breves were issued during the reign of Elizabeth, and they were burnt by Garnet immediately on the accession of King James, more than a year before the Gunpowder Plot is alleged to have been first thought of.

The missing confessions of Faukes cannot have been stolen in the interests of Father Garnet, for in them his name does not appear to have been even mentioned, and it would seem that these particular depositions contained next to nothing about the Gunpowder Plot itself, but treated almost exclusively of supposed treasonable practices in Flanders and Spain.

Of these confessions of Faukes, and of the other documents which do not remain to us, either in the original or in full transcripts, we have the abstracts mentioned by Mr. Jardine, made by Bishops Andrewes and Abbott, and by

Isaac Casaubon, all of whom had access to the originals, while of some we have partial transcripts amongst the Tanner MSS. at Oxford.

How improbable it is that the men who made these abstracts should have omitted anything which could tell against Jesuits in general or Garnet in particular, those will easily judge who have any acquaintance with their writings, and know with what unscrupulous rancour they pursued the objects of their hatred. It will, however, be well to illustrate so important a point, and for this purpose I shall select Bishop Abbott, as probably the most respectable of the three; for bad as he was, Andrewes was apparently worse, and from Andrewes Casaubon copied.

Father Garnet's apologist, the Greek Jesuit Eudæmon-Joannes, in answer to whom Abbott composed his *Antilogia*, had related<sup>1</sup> how, in 1605, two persons having been put to death for giving shelter to priests, a Catholic gentleman had thereupon represented the matter to the King, believing his Majesty to be ignorant of the action of his Judges, and had in consequence been put in the pillory in various places, with circumstances of peculiar ignominy and hardship. Abbott's reply upon this point is a good specimen of the controversial rhetoric of the period, but it is impossible to do justice in a translation to the Bishop's rude Latinity. He thus addresses his antagonist:

"How base a lie is this, the reader has sufficient proof; for you give neither the gentleman's name, nor that of the two put to death, nor of the county where it happened. You are not wont, assuredly, so to neglect the honour of your friends as to bury their names in silence. No wonder is it that these phantoms of nameless confessors and martyrs—for no names have they—should vanish, with no honour to themselves and with dishonour to you, begotten as they are of falsehood and your love of impudent lying. Wherefore, in all this high-flown tragedy of yours, you do but show yourself a manifest scoundrel,<sup>2</sup> brewing darkness at noon-day, and telling a dismal tale of horror, wherein intolerable insolence and shameless audacity are plain to every eye."<sup>3</sup>

Now, the story told by Eudæmon-Joannes was absolutely true, and Abbott, when he poured forth this torrent of abuse, knew perfectly well that it even fell short of the truth, but as

<sup>1</sup> *Ad Actionem proditorium Edouardi loqui Apologia*, p. 237.

<sup>2</sup> "Apertus et non nebulosus nebulo."

<sup>3</sup> *Antilogia*, f. 132, b.

his work was chiefly intended for foreign consumption, he could venture thus to repudiate what was notorious at home. The persons condemned to death were named Bailley and Rawson.<sup>1</sup> The gentleman who laid the matter before the King was Thomas Pound. The county was Lancashire, the place Manchester. Pound was sentenced in the Star Chamber, not only to stand in the pillory in London and at Lancaster, with a paper on his head declaring his offence, but to have an ear cut off at each place, to pay a fine of £1,000, and to be imprisoned for life.<sup>2</sup>

That impudent mendacity figured in such a controversy no one will deny; yet even the above example is not the worst that can be cited. In another place Abbott declaims thus:

"The lies you tell as to your Church's share in this business [the Gunpowder Plot] are confuted for us by the evidence of Baldwin, from whom we learn that a triple thunderbolt of anathemas awaited us at Rome, to be discharged, immediately after the explosion, in three chief places of the realm, whereby all were devoted to destruction who would not submit themselves to your pleasure. For you are a race compounded of the Punic and the Scythian—faithless, traitorous, and cruel, whose designs no law restrains, no honesty impedes. . . . Away with you, worthless wretch! what boots it to prate of your Church, which is nothing but a cesspool of treasons, and a sink of any villainy that seems likely to succeed?"<sup>3</sup>

This is certainly pretty well for a man who must have been conscious that there was not a word of truth in his blustering assertions. When Abbott wrote, Father William Baldwin had been for three years in the Tower in the hands of his enemies, who, before they got hold of him, had loudly proclaimed that he was proved to have been a principal accomplice in the Treason. It might well be presumed that he would never leave his prison, unless for the gallows, and it therefore appeared quite safe to put into his mouth whatever evidence seemed desirable. Fortunately for the truth of history, Baldwin falsified such expectations, for after a detention of eight years, during which he was most rigorously examined, he was not only discharged as innocent, but went forth with honour. The Earl of Northampton congratulated him upon the vindication of his own character

<sup>1</sup> Hawarde, *Les Reportes del Cases in Camera Stellata*, 182.

<sup>2</sup> Winwood's *Memorials*, ii. 36.

<sup>3</sup> *Antilogia*, f. 59.

and that of his Order, and the Spanish Ambassador entertained him for several days in his house, where, openly wearing his religious habit, he was visited by numbers of Catholics and Protestants, who came to offer their respects.<sup>1</sup> That he never gave any such evidence as Bishop Abbott alleges is absolutely certain.<sup>2</sup>

This, then, is the man for whose benefit the State Papers were borrowed, some of which are now unfortunately missing; but it is obvious that we may trust him to have culled from them at least as much as they contained injurious to the Catholic cause; and, as has been said, he was not the most unscrupulous individual who had a like opportunity.

It thus appears that the absence from their proper receptacle of the documents of which we are treating, is not, so far as the case of Father Garnet is concerned, a matter of very vital importance, and that it is not easy to understand what Mr. Jardine means when he lays so much stress upon it.

There is, however, another circumstance, of which Jardine was unaware. The intercepted letter from Garnet to Greenway, which he supposed to be lost, and which he enumerates amongst the papers probably purloined by those fellows the Jesuits, is, as a matter of fact, still in existence. It is found, not in the Bodleian Library, but in that at Hatfield,<sup>3</sup> so that, if a charge of thievery is to be advanced in its regard, this must lie against one even less liable than Laud to the charge of being either a Jesuit or a "Jesuited person," namely Robert Cecil, Earl of Salisbury, himself.

Neither is this, by any means, the only instance in which a paper, which is missing from what Mr. Jardine rightly terms "the proper depository," has found its way into the private archives of the Minister in power. One other example must be mentioned, for although the document in question is not named by Jardine, this can be only because he had no knowledge of it. It is a confession of Garnet's which certainly appears to be more important than any which he made.<sup>4</sup> Upon it, however, has

<sup>1</sup> Foley, *Records*, iii. 509. *English Protestants' Plea*, 62.

<sup>2</sup> Casaubon (*Epist. ad Frontem Ducaum*) brings it as a charge against Eudæmon-Joannes that the latter appears to be familiar with no classic but Cicero, quotes Plautus but once, and Terence not at all.

<sup>3</sup> *Sub die* April 1, 1606.

<sup>4</sup> March 9, 1606 (printed in full by Prof. Gardiner, *Eng. Historical Review*, iii. 510). It is to be regretted that, in the Catalogue of the Hatfield MSS., reproduced in the Historical MSS. Commissioners' Report, documents are arranged according to the

been written, by Cecil himself: "This was forbydden by the King to be given in evidence." Clearly there must have been something very wrong with a document thus disallowed, for James I. could stand a good deal, and we know how anxious he was that evidence should be found against priests.<sup>1</sup> It is likewise apparent that, if there were any serious flaw in such a paper, a motive is easily suggested for its removal from such publicity as the State Paper Office afforded. In connection with this point it must be remembered that Cecil unquestionably, in more instances than one, employed the services of forgers, to counterfeit the handwriting of persons whom he desired to incriminate. One expert in this nefarious trade, Arthur Gregory by name, who about this time was thus utilized against somebody, speaks of the service he had performed in such terms as to have suggested to so unprejudiced an authority as the Calendarer of State Papers,<sup>2</sup> that it was Father Garnet whose writing he imitated. Is it not at least possible that we have here an explanation, alike of the Royal prohibition, and of the decent obscurity to which the document was consigned?<sup>3</sup>

From purely destructive criticism we may now pass to something more positive, for I fully agree with Mr. Lemon and Mr. Jardine that the disappearance of the papers we are considering is a "singular accident," to which some mystery must attach, though as to the precise character of that mystery we are at variance. It is quite certain that other documents of prime importance disappeared, and that no such explanation as has been offered us can account for their suppression. Thus in 1678, during the frenzy of the Popish Plot, there was arrested in London a Jesuit Father, William Ireland, who, as procurator, had in his keeping the official papers and account-books of the province, all of which were seized with him. That they contained nothing of a compromising nature is evident from the fact that, although Ireland and other Jesuits were tried and executed, no

"face date," and at the same time as though New Style had always been in force. Thus all which originated between the 1st of January and the 24th of March are misplaced by a year. Father Garnet's confession, for instance, is placed under March, 1605, nine months before the discovery of the Plot to which it refers.

<sup>1</sup> Cecil to Favat, Dec. 4, 1605. Brit. Mus. MSS. Add. 6178, 625.

<sup>2</sup> *Dom. James I.* xxiv. 38.

<sup>3</sup> The confession is endorsed as being "all of his [Garnet's] own hand." My own strong impression is, that whenever a declaration of this kind is thus volunteered, a strong *prima facie* case is established against the authenticity of the document in question.



jot or tittle of evidence was alleged against them from this source. On the other hand, it is clear that the absence of such evidence amounted to a full refutation of Oates' monstrous fictions, for had there been any truth in these, the papers must have borne them out. Oates had, for instance, declared that more than one hundred thousand crowns of gold had been sent from Rome and Paris to finance the Plot, of which the account-books must have shown some trace. The Council, it is known,<sup>1</sup> had the books before them, and diligently examined them, but they have now vanished, and no trace of them is to be found.

It must also be remembered that amongst other inconveniences, the State Paper Office in old days suffered much from leakage, nor was it only Secretaries of State who could possess themselves of its rightful contents. Of this the Cottonian Library is a standing monument. Sir Robert Cotton not only accumulated public papers, on so large a scale as to arouse attention and criticism, but there was a method in the transaction, the documents transplanted to his collection being those, as a rule, least favourable to the Catholic side, and the fact that these were long the only documents accessible to the public, accounts in great measure for the tone in which history has been written.

It would accordingly appear that, despite the confusion of which we have seen something, an eye was kept upon State Papers of a certain kind, and that they were dealt with as seemed most advisable in view of their respective characters. If this were so, it does not appear wonderful that these with which we are concerned should have been withdrawn from observation, for they are stamped with features which make it hard to consider them as anything but fraudulent.

Father Garnet's Palm Sunday letter to the Fathers and Brothers of the Society, which may be cited as an example, was denounced at the time by Eudæmon-Joannes<sup>2</sup> and other writers as a forgery. We have portions of it in two Latin versions, one given us by Bishop Abbott, in his *Antilogia*, the other by Bishop Andrewes, in his *Tortura Torti*. These versions are quite different, and that of Andrewes, first published in 1609, contains many phrases telling strongly against the supposed writer, which are altogether absent from that of Abbott, published in 1613. Knowing what kind of a controversialist was Abbott, we may

<sup>1</sup> Foley's *Records*, vii. 395.

<sup>2</sup> *Parallelus Torti ac Tortoris*, 262.



well be surprised to find that so shrewd a judge as Dr. Lingard considers him to have been in this instance a more or less honest translator, compared with Andrewes, who was a deliberate falsifier.<sup>1</sup>

"It cannot escape notice," says Lingard, "that the many erroneous renderings in the translation of Dr. Andrewes are wilful, all being made for the purpose of aggravating the guilt of Garnet. Dr. Abbott's translation has the appearance of being much more correct, though he also seems not to have felt any objection to the employment of a little fraud, when its object was to blacken the character of a Jesuit." This cautious judgment we are in a position fully to endorse, and we may not unreasonably argue that a document for the authenticity of which Abbott is the most reputable witness is not above suspicion.

Lingard himself at first pronounced the Palm Sunday letter to be a forgery, but was afterwards convinced by Mr. Jardine's arguments<sup>2</sup> that it might be genuine,<sup>3</sup> and he points out that in what appears to be the more trustworthy version, there is nothing which really incriminates the writer. This is true:—but although it is, doubtless, rather venturesome to dispute the conclusions of Dr. Lingard, whose acumen is seldom at fault, I venture to think that he has in this instance overlooked a consideration which appears to settle the question. He assumes that the versions of Andrewes and Abbott are *translations* from an English original. There can, however, I think, be no doubt that had Garnet written to the "Fathers and Brothers of the Society of Jesus," he would have written in Latin. He used Latin in his correspondence as freely as English, and there would be no sense in addressing his brethren in a tongue which for the great majority of them was less intelligible than Hebrew. But if he wrote in Latin, it is quite impossible to believe that either Andrewes or Abbott gives us a correct version. Had these worthy prelates been translators, it would be extremely difficult to believe that the source whence they drew was the same, for, apart from discrepancies of matter, those of phraseology are such as almost to preclude the idea. But if they had only to transcribe, no explanation can be offered of their extraordinary variations, and while we may well conclude with

<sup>1</sup> Lingard prints in parallel columns specimens of the two versions. (*History*, vii. 547. Fifth Edition.)

<sup>2</sup> *Criminal Trials*, ii. 328.

<sup>3</sup> *History*, vii. 546. Fifth Edition.

Lingard that Andrewes is obviously dishonest, those who are acquainted with Father Garnet's style will decline to believe that he perpetrated such bald, school-boy Latin as Abbott attributes to him.<sup>1</sup>

It may, therefore, I think, without temerity be said that this famous document is of the character commonly described as exceedingly fishy; and it seems not at all unlikely that others than friends of the Jesuits may have considered its suppression desirable.

With this letter of Garnet's may be classed the four confessions of Guy Faukes, which have in like manner disappeared. These are dated November 19th, 25th, 30th, 1605, and January 20th, 1605, and are very remarkable documents, inasmuch as they contain much information upon matters of prime importance, whereof no trace is to be found amongst the eleven confessions of the same conspirator preserved in the Record Office. Our knowledge of them is derived from three sources. Firstly, Bishop Abbott, who quotes largely from them in his *Antilogia*, of which we have heard so much. Secondly, among the Tanner MSS. in the Bodleian Library, are transcripts of considerable portions of them. Thirdly, Sir Edward Coke, the famous Attorney General, cites one of them, that of January 20, in a document laid before the House of Commons.<sup>2</sup> In comparing these versions, we are at once confronted by a difficulty similar to that already considered in the case of Father Garnet,—our authorities are in utter disagreement amongst themselves and give us accounts altogether inconsistent of what purport to be the same confessions, for the topics introduced are usually quite different, and in some instances the statements made are contradictory. Moreover, there exists in the Record Office a confession of Faukes made on January 20th, which is entirely at variance with all the three versions of the confession of that day, treating of quite other matters. This is quite incomprehensible, for whatever may have been the case with Father Garnet, Faukes certainly spoke English, and it should not have been hard to copy his exact words.

It must likewise be observed that we find no record of these important confessions till after the death of their alleged author,

<sup>1</sup> Compare, for instance, his undoubted letter to the General of the Society, July 24, 1605, printed by Lingard, *History*, vii. 540.

<sup>2</sup> It is certainly remarkable that Bishop Andrewes never cites these confessions of Faukes.

and here we are furnished with an argument which cannot be used in the case of Father Garnet. Palm Sunday, on which his letter is dated, fell on April 13th, at which time he was lying under sentence of death, having been already tried and condemned. But the trial of Faukes was subsequent to all his supposed confessions, yet of most telling and sensational matters which these contain we find no trace even in the official account of the proceedings.<sup>1</sup>

Much more might be urged about these depositions, but enough has been said to show that they cannot be taken seriously, and that there is a remarkable family likeness between them and Father Garnet's Palm Sunday letter. I am, accordingly, inclined to agree cordially with Mr. Jardine when he says that the accident of their common disappearance is very "singular."

What may be the truth of their history it is, of course, impossible now to say; but a plausible surmise is suggested by other evidence. Amongst the confessions of Guy Faukes still extant, one is of supreme importance, since it alone was published by the Government, and upon it the history of the Gunpowder Plot, as commonly told, is almost wholly based. It is a remarkable circumstance that we find in the Record Office a copy of this, dated nine days earlier than the confession itself; or rather a draft, which has been carefully corrected and altered till it assumed what seemed the best form—a form faithfully copied in the document to which Faukes affixed his signature, in a hand plainly indicating that he had endured severe torture. On the day on which the draft is dated (November 8), Sir Edward Coke prepared certain interrogatories for the prisoner, in which all manner of suggestions are thrown out as to the plans of the associates, of which several are mutually incompatible, and others we know to have been altogether groundless. It appears from internal evidence that from these the draft was prepared, by picking out items here and there and piecing them together, and when this had been done in a manner deemed satisfactory, measures were taken to induce Faukes to put his name to the deposition. It seems to me most probable that by some such process the other docu-

<sup>1</sup> As an example may be mentioned the existence of a Powder Plot under Queen Elizabeth, the plan being to put a bag of gunpowder under her Majesty's bed, and blow her up in the middle of the night. (Bishop Kennet, *Memorial to Protestants*.) How this was to have been managed it is not easy to understand.

ments which we have been considering were produced, and that they represent fragments of evidence extorted from their supposed authors, together with a good deal which in the opinion of some people they ought to have added. It appears impossible otherwise to account for the difficulty experienced in agreeing as to what they said ; and, on the other hand, though, if this were their real character, they might safely be submitted to the examination of such men as Andrewes and Abbott, it would be manifestly undesirable that they should see too much of the light.

But, however this may be, what becomes of the gratuitous assumption of Mr. Lemon and Mr. Jardine? Is not their method but Dogberry's over again: "Masters, it is proved already that you are little better than false knaves, and it will go near to be thought so shortly"? And does not the fact that such a mode of proceeding should commend itself to such men, help to explain how our history comes to have been written as it has?

For my own part, experience leads me to believe that it is hard to get at the truth of things, in the period with which we have been dealing, mainly because it is difficult to realize the unprincipled and ingenious dishonesty with which fictions were elaborated and tricked out in the guise of facts.

J. G.

*Sleep, the Robber.*

---

HE robs so kindly, that no hurt we feel  
For all his theft of many a precious hour  
From scanty lifetime's ever-dwindling dower,  
While eyes are closed beneath his leaden seal :  
And if the gentle thief forget to steal  
The loot, so lightly yielded to his power,  
Wakeful and wretched, though in softest bower,  
Against his cruel sparing we appeal.  
So sweet the nightly brief abandonment,  
Why dread the darkness of a deeper night,  
The sounder sleep whose blanket is a pall ?  
If lack of losing leave us malcontent,  
Then loss is surely gain, when seen aright ;  
And if the loss of part, why not of all ?

JOHN G. WELCH.

## *A Modern Achates.*

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### CHAPTER XLVIII.

While I, thy dearest, sat apart,  
And felt thy triumphs were as mine,  
And loved them more that they were thine.—*Tennyson.*  
Their eyes but met, and they were turned aside.  
It was enough.—*Derosier.*

THE day drew near for the banquet at Oxminster. Already the neighbouring gentry were filling their houses, and the Liberal party were finding excuses to absent themselves for the occasion, regretting inwardly that the political nature of the demonstration debarred them from also expressing their sympathy and friendship for one who was so much esteemed and liked by all. Lord Gletherton was, to say the least, *consistent* in his final determination to take no prominent part at the banquet. He had not irrevocably decided on his movements, and would not drag a host of strangers to Oxminster to see him make a fool of himself.

He would go—certainly; but as quietly as possible, taking no party except the Montagues, who would chaperon Cora, and Mr. Manley.

The last-named gentleman was in no way surprised at the Earl's decision. The state of Edmund's health was now so universally commented on, his resignation was a theme so frequent, the enthusiasm was so general in his favour, and the knowledge of the estrangement so widely spread, that Reginald could hardly have held aloof without drawing upon himself the blame of all impartial minds. At the same time there was no doubt that the situation would be a delicate one. Each act and word and look would be remarked upon: coldness would be deemed a slight: cordiality, acknowledgment of wrong. None knew this so well as Frederick; nor had he failed to impress, as far as might be, his opinion on the Earl. But he did not dare to bid him stay away: on the contrary, he volunteered his

company; talked things over affably; expressed his general admiration and esteem for Mr. Charlton, though he was, he said, somewhat impracticable; and vowed that, Liberal as he was, he would go miles to hear another speech from him. Finally, having completed his arrangements there, and in as far as possible, decreased Lord Gletherton's conciliatory feelings, he left the Abbey for a day or two. He left rather mysteriously, on business, he said. His real destination was Easterham, the residence of Lord Vivian. Why he went, and what he did there, will be seen somewhat later; but when he left, he was very cheerful—his pretty sister-in-law more thoughtful than of wont. Yet little had apparently been asked of her—a few lines in her graceful handwriting which Frederick was to deliver to Reginald at his leisure: a little jest, and nothing more. Why should she mind? her cousin would not! She had more than once played jokes upon him before. It sounded very simple: child's play merely: yet somehow, she half regretted her consent.

Meanwhile, Edmund, in his solitude at Charlton, busied himself as usual with his home duties, and left his honours to take care of themselves. His health was now so fragile that the least exertion tired him, but he very rarely spoke about himself, and perhaps scarcely knew how really ill he was.

Two days before the banquet, he and Lilius went to Everton. The Melvilles had asked them to stay there for the occasion. It was nearer than the Grange to Oxminster: "a short drive only—would save unnecessary trouble and fatigue;" and Lilius had accepted gratefully: the long weary drive between the Grange and Oxminster had long been on her mind. And yet, there was a certain sadness in thus visiting the dear old place, which rose up in her memory, dim and indistinct, as she had last seen it, when a child living at Rushton. Edmund himself had only been there once since he had ceased to think of it as home. He had gone there soon after the family misfortunes to sign away its broad acres and rescue some few family memorials from the sale.

He had been to Littleton, to Oxminster, and had lived for months together at Rushton, scarcely three miles away; but pride or sensitiveness, or both, had never suffered him to visit it. There was pain in doing so now, for the place was very dear to him from old childish associations, and it was in the hands of strangers. Still he was glad to show it to Lilius, glad perhaps



to see it again himself, and to recall old memories and vanished pleasures, which would have less power to wound when shared by his wife.

They arrived late, and it was not until the next morning that they ventured out of doors, when Adelaide, in her easy good-nature, which with her sometimes took the place of tact, left him and Lillas to wander where they liked, and when they pleased, without hindrance or companionship. The bracing air, for Everton stood high, seemed to strengthen Edmund, and he spent a longer time than usual out of doors, pointing out to his wife, or lingering himself to reconnoitre, the scenes hallowed to him by the reminiscences of his childhood. They trod together the stately avenue, the scene of many a childish frolic; they wandered in the quaint garden, quainter and more formal than those at the Grange—a garden with stiff peacocks and other strange devices cut in box and yew at measured intervals: with pleached alleys and formal borders, filled with old-fashioned flowers—stocks and pansies and tall hollyhocks; yellow sunflower and red pæonies; stout substantial cabbage roses, and tall white lilies; rosemary and lavender, bergamot and chicory, white pinks and crimson cloves—flowers which our grandmothers loved to gather, and which in these days of gorgeous blossoms are well-nigh forgotten; but which grew there in as wild and sweet profusion as in those long past days when Edmund knew them. They visited also the quaint, pretty village, where old friends gathered round the "Squire," with glad welcome, tempered by something indefinable in the worn etherialized face; then turning again homeward, stayed their steps in the quiet cemetery, where Edmund knelt beside his mother's grave, in the little mortuary chapel built by his grandfather, and bade Lillas kneel and pray there also. She watched him with a loving interest, as he drew her from one hallowed spot to another; and as the light streamed down through the stained windows and rendered his fair features and calm smile beautiful with an unearthly beauty, he said to her, that he should like to lie there also.

"I am tired, but it has done me good," he said to Mrs. Melville, who met him, somewhat anxiously, on his return, and his words seemed corroborated by his smile; but the improvement was not lasting. The following morning he looked and felt so ill as to alarm even his host, whilst both Adelaide and Lillas spoke strongly against the imprudence of attending

the banquet ; Edmund, however, was resolute. It was too late to draw back, he said, and perhaps he was not sorry either to see so many of his friends again ; a faint hope, too, was in his breast, that his best loved friend might be there restored to him. Liliás partly hoped the same, and as she sat beside him in the shady morning-room, reading and waiting for the carriage, she debated with herself, whether she should share that unspoken thought with Edmund. At last she said : "Did you hear, Edmund, that Reginald was to be at Oxminster to-day?"

He looked up hastily—inquiringly—the flush of hope and expectation almost painful. He had suffered much during these last few months—far more than Liliás guessed, far more than he had ever owned to her ; but the greatest pain had been the loss of Reginald.

"Who said so, Lily?" he questioned, eagerly.

"Adelaide told me when we came here. Forgive me for not telling you before, Edmund. I was afraid that you would think too much about it."

"I am always thinking of it," he said, wearily. "It has been my one trouble lately, dear ; my happiness would have been too great without it," and as he spoke, slowly and dreamily, as one wearied almost beyond endurance, by a wearing illness and a great sorrow, there was still a loving tenderness upon his face, and in his eyes, and in the hand which drew her fondly to him.

Liliás bent over him and kissed him, lingeringly ; but she did not answer. Presently he spoke again. "Liliás," he said. "Why is he coming?"

"I am afraid because he cannot help it, Edmund. I would not pain you, but you must not hope too much. If he really wanted to make matters straight, he would not have returned your letter."

"He possibly expected more from me ; had we differed upon other grounds, he should have had it. I *could* not yield to him in this." He paused a moment, thinking upon the past : his voice was low and pained, as he continued : "His silence told me that apologies were vain ; he gained the verdict : my opinion had no weight with him, and yet, dear—even for your brother's sake—I could not have done otherwise."

"Herbert will be of age soon now."

"Yes ; but before then——" He broke off suddenly and resumed : "Liliás, I must see Reginald soon, or write to him."

"He must seek *you*; you shall not humble yourself to him again."

He laid his hand on hers with tender warning: "My darling, pride has done harm enough already."

"I cannot help it, Edmund," she said, softly. "I am not like you. Why should *you* always be the one to try who, after all, were in the right? Or let me write—through Cora."

"We must not set Cora against Reginald. Perhaps to-day may help us."

"I wish you were not going," she burst forth.

"But I *must* go, dear; and indeed, I would risk much to go—if only in the hope of meeting Reginald."

"Adelaide says that Reginald is steadily improving—that he will become in time all that we could wish to see him. She did not speak so hopefully of Herbert."

"Will he come with Reginald to-day?"

"I do not think so. He was staying in London with the Henry Seahams, preparatory to his final examination."

"I am glad he is with the Seahams. The friendship will be useful to him. A real true friend is just what Herbert needs. And Cora, after all, is to be Countess of Gletherton. They have been very staunch. I suppose they will marry soon."

"It was her birthday yesterday, and he proposed. Adelaide has had a letter from her, very sweet and joyful. I suppose my letter went to the Grange. I did not say that we were coming here. Of course no arrangements have been made as yet."

"I hope that they will marry soon—even——" he stopped, and it was Liliás who continued:

"Even what? Edmund!—Do you not approve? I think she is so very sweet and gentle.—He cannot but be good to her."

"I am sure he will be all that we could wish. It was not that, Liliás. After such a long engagement it would be hard for them to have to wait. You must not let them."

But Liliás did not seem to understand, and he did not press it any further. Only after a little pause he said: "Cora will have her brother's interest at heart, and a few years hence her influence will be greater."

"It will all come right," said Liliás, softly. "You must not be so sad about him. He is a little careless and unstable, but I think he means well after all."

Then the Melvilles joined them, and Liliás went to get

ready for the drive. When she returned, the carriage was announced, and there was no more time for conversation.

It was only a short distance, and the weather was cool and pleasant ; a light breeze stirring the trees ; the corn dead-ripe ; the poppies glowing rich and red amongst the wheat. Edmund was less tired than he had expected, and his colour rose at the ovation with which his late constituents greeted him. Many who thronged the streets to see him, who hailed him with enthusiasm and respect, thought him looking better than they had expected, and would fain have asked him not to leave them. But others, understanding better, shook their heads gravely, and followed him with their eyes, as if they knew that it was for the last time he came among them.

The Town Hall was a handsome building in the centre of the town, and when they at last arrived there, after a slow but satisfactory progress through the principal streets, they found themselves in the midst of a cordial group of friends, with many others, strange to Liliás, but well known to Edmund as supporters of his party. Sir Ralph Seaham, as High Sheriff, had consented to take the chair, and Mr. de Tracy was to second him. It had been intended to offer the latter post to Lord Gletherton, but the knowledge of the disagreement caused the proposal to be negatived. Indeed, it seemed to be very doubtful whether Reginald and his party would be forthcoming. A reasonable delay was made for them, and then the banquet commenced without them. Liliás, watching from the gallery, saw the pained and anxious look upon her husband's face, and knew that he was watching—waiting—for the one face that he did not see, the one voice that he did not hear. Her own heart ached to think how his was aching, and when Reginald at last appeared, and escorted his cousins to the gallery, before joining Mr. Manley in the hall, it was with a feeling of resentment, rather than of cordiality, that she slowly rose to meet him. Then the thought of Edmund came to her, of his patience, his forbearance, and she greeted him impulsively : " You have brought me a new sister, Reginald," she said, and she laid her hand in his, whilst her eyes were turned affectionately on Cora.

" Liliás ! I did not see you," and she felt rather than saw that he changed colour. His emotion, pride, or embarrassment, was only momentary ; the next instant, he drew Cora forward : " Here she is," he said, and loving arms were thrown around her ; a blushing cheek was pressed to hers.

"My little sister! I wish you joy," said Liliás, and then she turned again to Reginald. But he had vanished.

Looking into the hall below, she saw him take his place among the rest, lower down than he should have been, and further from Edmund. But then he came so late.

Cora moved on to a distant seat; there was not one nearer.

"It did not matter," she said to Sybil, "they could not talk much anyhow," and so they looked on at the scene below, separate from each other, yet united by sympathy and kinship. "I wish we had not come so late," said Cora, afterwards, "but Mr. Manley is so slow."

Reginald was perhaps not sorry to find the banquet far advanced: his place given to another. As he could not speak to Edmund first, he would rather wait until the end. He took possession of a vacant seat in a place where he could see and hear, without attracting much attention; and then he looked down the long line of faces, until his glance at length rested upon Edmund—and their eyes met.

What is there in a glance—that it can do so much?

In a moment, Reginald's wrath was quenched: his pride unbent, his feelings altered. That look of tender brotherly reproach, that yearning friendliness in Edmund's eyes; the startling change in the once loved face broke down at once the coldness and constraint which months of bitterness, misunderstanding, anger, had raised between them. He saw at length what he had done: he longed for the old ties to be renewed, but it was not the time or the place to do it now. He could only sit and wait, and watch, noting anxiously the varying colour on his friend's cheek, the painful brilliancy of the dark eyes, which yet in some degree reassured him. How long the dinner seemed, with its slow, interminable courses; how weary Edmund looked before the Queen's health was proposed and loyally responded to; and then, presently, the Member's health was in turn given by the chairman. He alluded in strong terms to the sorrow which they all felt at seeing him for the last time among them, as a public character; he thanked him in the name of the Conservative party, whether present or absent, for the zeal and ability with which he had for several years represented them in Parliament, and assured him that it would be long before they could feel towards another the same confidence, he might well say gratitude, which had been his due: that although a banquet was but a cold way of testifying their esteem and friendship, it

was at least a public way ; an English way ; and at any rate would show that they were anxious to do their best, and to claim the honour, of which one and all were proud, of calling him their friend.

It was not a brilliant speech, but it was spoken from the heart, and the toast was very cordially responded to. Mr. Manley drank it as he would have drunk to his worst enemy, had he held it politic to do so. Reginald filled his glass, and drank it slowly, a grave look upon his face. Many were looking towards him, curious as to his intentions. The story of the quarrel was well known, perhaps not always understood ; but whilst some laid the blame on Edmund, and others more justly blamed the Earl, all wondered what the latter meant to do. There would be many witnesses of the meeting ; but perhaps after all they would not meet, for Lord Gletherton looked strangely stern, and Frederick was beside him.

Soon Edmund rose to return thanks. A sudden hush stole over the assembly ; each held his breath to listen. Even Sir Ralph, of proverbial deafness, seemed determined to hear this, as did also his absent-minded son-in-law. Lillas, with hands clasped and eyes filling ; Cora, awe-struck and silent ; Sybil, wondering and admiring, were listening in the gallery above.

Reginald listened also ; somewhat absently at first : his heart, his thoughts less with the present than with the past : scanning with altered eyes the last nine months, and seeing there his condemnation, and the triumph of his friend. A sense of bitter shame came over him as he remembered what he owed to Edmund, and how he had repaid the debt. He almost shrank from meeting those grave eyes which once had met his own so tenderly : and yet he vowed that he *would* meet them and pray and sue for pardon for the past.

It was a long speech ; but the length was felt only by the speaker ; to the audience it seemed brief. Even while he spoke of other things—of politics, of his constituents, of subjects which the occasion seemed to call for—he had not once forgotten Reginald. He had not ceased to yearn towards him, and the emotion which the thought awoke within him, lent new passion to his voice, an almost startling eloquence to his words. But it was terrible exertion—none the less that friendship, sympathy, enthusiasm, as yet sustained him. Lillas saw his face grow paler, for all the hectic flush that was upon it : she heard his voice grow fainter, though still as clear and musical as ever : and

suddenly, watching him intently, when his eloquence was at its height, she caught a sudden change upon his face, the shadow as of swift, sharp pain upon his brow. Starting to her feet as she observed it, a low, choked cry escaped her. Then she sank down again, conscious of utter helplessness; and when a moment after, she looked again, she could not see her husband, for the crowd of anxious friends around him, but only read the truth in the white, scared face of Reginald, as he sprang towards him.

"He has fainted," said a voice near her. "The heat has been too much for him: dear Liliás, let me take you to him," and Adelaide stood beside her, trembling with alarm and sympathy. Was it merely a swoon? The heat was not really excessive: the speech, exhausting as it was, could hardly have caused faintness. Grasping Adelaide's hand, Liliás almost flew down the long staircase, and reached the crowded corridors below. Here she paused a moment, looking round, as if to ask her way, but the throng gave way, and pitying voices reached her: "Let her pass: it is his wife. God help you, lady," and as the words filled her with new terrors, she felt both her hands taken, as Sir Ralph and Mr. Henry Seaham came hurriedly towards her.

"Oh! What is it? Will he die?" said Liliás, brokenly, as she looked up to Sir Ralph, yet did not wait for him to answer, before she again pressed forward.

"Be calm, my dear," said the old Baronet, gently. "He is better now. I hope, I trust it will not be serious."

But though the words were hopeful, the tone was not, and she turned her frightened eyes to Mr. Seaham, as if to ask the truth from him. He felt it was no kindness to deceive her.

"He has broken a blood-vessel, Lady Liliás," he said, gravely, but gently: then, as a low cry burst from her quivering lips, he added: "but a doctor was at hand, and he is better now. You must not speak to him, I fear, just yet. We have been obliged to send away Lord Gletherton."

She did not hear his last words, for she had reached the room to which her husband had been carried. He was lying on the sofa, white and wan, so weak that he seemed scarcely conscious what was passing, but his hand clasped hers as she knelt beside him, and he spoke, slowly and faintly: "Is Reginald not here?"

Liliás looked round quickly: surely he had been there, or was the last half-hour a dream only?



"I do not see him. I will send for him: but oh, not now, not *now*."

"Better now," replied her husband, with an effort, but the doctor interposed:

"Mr. Charlton, you must positively not speak. You must see no one but her ladyship. Believe me," as Edmund attempted a remonstrance, "further exertion at this moment might be fatal."

Mr. Seaham, who had moved away, now came up to them again; a troubled look upon his face. "I do not see Lord Gletherton," he said, in a low tone, to Sir Ralph. "I think he must have left. We would not let him speak to him at first, but surely——" He would have said, "He should have waited," but Liliás's pained gesture stopped the words, and he turned and left her with her husband.

Yes, Reginald had indeed vanished, suddenly and secretly, but not so heartlessly as Liliás thought. He had been almost the first to leave his seat and spring towards Edmund: had been the first to kneel beside him.

"Speak to me, Edmund," he had faltered, so breathlessly, that though the doctor had heard him, Edmund had not. "Say at least you forgive me."

"Command yourself, Lord Gletherton," Dr. Campbell had said, sternly. "For Heaven's sake, do not agitate him!" and Henry Seaham had laid his hand heavily, almost roughly, on the Earl's shoulder, as he said briefly:

"Lady Liliás will be here immediately. Had you not better leave him? It may do him harm to see you so suddenly. I will prepare him and then come for you."

Then Reginald, comprehending his meaning, remembering the past, and shrinking from his sister at that moment, horrified above all at Edmund's condition, had mechanically obeyed him, and for the next few minutes paced the ante-room in a ferment of anxiety and self-reproach. At every other turn he came back again, asking to see his brother-in-law, ready to confess, to condone anything, yet too excited to be allowed to enter. And alas! there was one near whose hatred was not quenched even by such a scene as this. Even as Reginald stood there, while anxious friends, too many to be all of service, were crowding round Edmund, Mr. Manley came up to Lord Gletherton, and placed a letter in his hand.

"It has followed you here and is marked 'urgent,'" he said, hurriedly.

Reginald tore it open.

Dear Reginald,—I have none but you to depend upon. Come to me *instantly*.

AMY VIVIAN.

Reginald glanced at the clock. It was almost too late for the train to Easterham. He laid his hand upon the handle of the door, where Mr. Melville still kept guard. Frederick was still beside him. He read the note hastily; Reginald had thrown it to him. Then he stepped hurriedly forward, his voice peremptory: "Reginald, go to her. She needs you: you are her only friend, and a minute hence it will be too late."

"Would you have me leave *him* thus?" said the Earl, passionately.

"I would. I would. Believe me, I am right," and Frederick's eyes grew eager as he said this, and he laid his hand, pleadingly, it seemed, on his friend's arm. "He is better, and they will not let him see you. He has plenty of friends to depend upon. She is a woman and friendless."

"And why not *you*—her brother-in-law?"

"Stephen in his madness has forbidden me the house," was the brief answer. "For Heaven's sake, do not loiter, Gletherton. You will lose the train: it is the last."

Reginald knew that in this at least, Frederick spoke the truth. He had not a moment to lose, if he were indeed to go. There was another instant of painful hesitation, then: "I go," he said, "there is no help for it. But I charge you, Frederick, go to Liliás, and tell her why I have left him. Ask her to write to-night—to-morrow—to tell me if I may come." And scarcely waiting for an answer, which, however, came readily, he went.

Frederick looked after him, and an evil smile was on his face. "That's done—done easily, and now I almost think that this will finish it. They will not find it easy to forgive." He paused a moment: then hurried after the Earl—in time to see him hail a passing cab, jump into it, and drive away. Then, he returned, slowly, to the ante-room, and after a brief word to Mr. Melville, turned the door-handle, and went in.

"Lady Liliás, I am much concerned," he said. "I sincerely hope that he is better."

So everyone came to ask—but Reginald. The thought was very painful to her; but she shrank from showing her pain, or even naming her brother to him.

"I think he is a little better," she said, "but he must not speak to you just now. We shall return to Everton to-night, I hope; but until then, he must have perfect rest."

Edmund had not spoken, but as Frederick lingered, he turned a little towards him, and his words came low and feeble. "Is that you, Manley? Where is Reginald?"

There was a momentary pause. Then Frederick said: "Lord Gletherton was called away—I think to Easterham," then, as the pain and disappointment deepened upon Edmund's face, he added, blandly: "He will, I know, be most concerned, most sorry, for this sad ending to your *fête*. Would Lady Liliass write a line—to-night—to-morrow?"

There was no answer: only a pressure of the hand, that seemed to convey a world of peace and pardon in it. There came a kind of spasm over Frederick's face: he half relented: but the die was cast; to save himself, he must go on. And after all, Reginald *had* left him: the reason why could matter little. He was about to speak again, but again the doctor interposed. "Perfect rest and quiet," he said. "Only on these conditions could a return to Everton be possible," and Mr. Manley gave this verdict to Cora, as he met her and Sybil in the corridor.

"But they will let me see Liliass," sobbed Cora. "I would not say a word, but only kiss her. And he is my guardian too, and I may never see him again."

"Miss Devereux, my instructions were precise—peremptory. Allow me to conduct you to the carriage. Lord Gletherton has been called away," he explained more courteously to Sybil. "He has commissioned me to tell you so. He will not return until much later."

"A nice thing," he muttered to himself, as they drove off, "if *she* were to take messages to Reginald."

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## CHAPTER XLIX.

But I'll do my best a guid wife to be,  
For auld Robin Gray is varra guid to me.

WHEN Lord Gletherton, full of sorrow and anxiety, alike for his friend and for his cousin, arrived at Easterham, he found that Lady Vivian had been absent for some days, and that her return was quite uncertain. No letter had been sent to him from Easterham since her departure. Either the one which

the Earl had received was not written by her, or it had been unusually long upon its road. It was thus either a childish jest, or there was foul play in the matter; and after a somewhat angry interview with the invalided and wholly guiltless Lord Vivian, Reginald returned as speedily as he had come, taking Oxminster on his way, to hear the latest news of Edmund.

Frederick, who reckoned upon this, was waiting for him when the train stopped, and came hastily to meet him. "Well?" he asked, hastily.

"Don't keep me," answered Reginald, pushing past him. "I have been on a fool's errand, and must go at once to the Town Hall, to Edmund."

"You need not," replied Frederick; "Charlton has already left. It is too late to go on to Everton, and I asked your sister to write."

"How is he?" said the Earl, breathlessly, as Frederick paused.

"He was a good deal better. You need not worry, Reginald, for an every-day thing like this. I assure you it is nothing serious: the doctor said so."

"I don't believe him," said Reginald, shortly; then, more mollified: "I wish I could. But I think I will go on to the Town Hall. I should like to hear the latest news."

"The latest news is what I tell you. Charlton left Oxminster at five o'clock, and returned to Everton: I saw him start. He was pale, of course, and done up, naturally—nothing more. The doctor was alarmed at first—but he recovered speedily."

"Well," said Lord Gletherton, drawing a long breath, "this is better news than I dared to hope for; and Liliás is to write? I hope you gave my message?"

"Of course, yes; and to Charlton also, and very coldly both received it. Of course, I could not press the matter—then."

Reginald's brow clouded. "Then he sent no message in return?"

"Not a word."

"Manley," said Reginald, after a little pause, "is there a night train on to Gletherton?"

"It is starting now," said Frederick.

"Then we will return by it."

Meanwhile a different scene was enacted at Easterham, where Lady Vivian had just arrived in happy unconsciousness

of ill ; and, hearing that her husband was again in a state to profit by her attentions, threw off her bonnet, smoothed her hair, and appeared before him so entirely the same as usual, that her recent absence seemed almost like a dream. She greeted him with playful fondness, smoothed his pillows, and settled herself at his feet, just in the same cosy, natural way that she had settled herself there dozens of times before. He bent over her and looked earnestly into the pretty child-face ; he laid his hand on her rich locks, and said, half sadly : " Amy, you were away from me in the hour of my trial."

He had never said this to her before—should never need to say it again. The colour sprang to her cheek, the tears to her eyes. He bent down and kissed them away, like a father with a petted child, and truly they were on such terms together.

" Nay, no tears, my little Amy—only welcome back again." Then, after a pause, " Lord Gletherton was here to-day."

Instantly the little woman's eyes sparkled with merriment. " Reginald," she exclaimed, " what for ?"

" Had you written to him, Amy ?"

" Written to him ? Why should I ?"

" Did you send for him on urgent business ?"

" I have often written to him on business."

" Have you done so lately ?" he urged.

" What do you mean by lately ?"

" Within a day or two."

" No, not so recently as that—ten days perhaps !"

" Then I fear, Amy, your writing has been imitated—the letter purported to be from you. The signature was yours."

" Did he show it to you ?"

" Yes, but he took it back again. I thought it might have been a jest."

" Perhaps it was. Well, was he angry ?"

" I think he was, but he seemed grieved, excited. ' Tell her,' he said, ' that the consequences may be more serious than she thinks.'"

" Oh, Stephen ! What was it ? What was in the letter ?"

" Merely what I told you ; but it reached him at a painful moment—preventing or retarding a reconciliation with a friend ; at least, I understood him so."

" Oh ! was it Mr. Charlton ? I *am* so grieved and sorry ! What can we do to make it right ?" she cried, rather bewildered.

" Nothing, I am afraid. It will be found out some day ;

but I could not rest without speaking to you, darling. I thought it was no jest of yours."

Lady Vivian had risen and moved towards the door, but she paused as these words reached her. Hers was a flighty nature, but it was a candid one. She had told nothing but the truth, but she knew that she had deceived her husband. She could not rest under the shadow of that thought. She came back, and again knelt beside him.

"Don't scold me, Stephen," she said, softly. "I did write that letter; but—indeed I meant no harm."

She was bending down, and he could not see her face; but the beautiful glossy hair was rippling over his fingers. He raised her head, gently. "Amy," he said, "let there be no secrets between us."

"Never again, Stephen, never again!" and Lady Vivian caught her husband's hand. "I meant no harm! I sent it long ago: a week since, quite!"

"I will write to Gletherton and explain."

"Oh, for pity's sake don't, Stephen! It can do no good, and he will be so angry! It was not my fault, either."

"Why did you do it?"

"I did not know that it was wrong, indeed, Stephen! I will be more wise in future."

"Promise me, Amy, that you will give up jests of this kind," he said, earnestly; "they are unladylike, and very dangerous."

"I do promise you, Stephen," she said, softly. "I have had a lesson. Oh, that man! that man! I will never trust him again as long as I live!"—but the last words did not reach her husband.

But to return to Gletherton.

Mr. Manley was again triumphant. During the last few months he had grown bolder—had ventured more; had played his cards more recklessly. His last measure had surprised him by its complete success. He had not dared to hope that Reginald would have been so blinded: and now the rest seemed easy. He had made the breach still wider: probably it would never close. It was strange how this revenge had woven itself into his very life; how, slowly and gradually, it had choked all good and kindly feelings in his heart. He was not naturally a bad man; but he had no fixed principles, and no religion. Evil friends and evil counsels had combined to ruin him, and the

strong passions of his heart had been trained to work evil rather than good to his fellow-men. A slight feeling of compunction had, as we have seen, come over him, as Edmund, wronged by him so cruelly, had touched his hand in friendship, or forgiveness: but it was too late to draw back then. Those two must never meet if he could help it: the secret of those returned letters must be buried with Edmund in the grave. He would not have to wait long now; but a little shiver ran through him at the thought that, even in that brief space, some mishap might betray him. He might well fear; for he had played a desperate game, and staked his all upon the die. The friendship of the Earl, his countenance of him, had grown to mean much to him lately.

The next day came a letter from Lilies to her mother, brief and cold, and never mentioning Reginald, whose absence, at that terrible moment, seemed to have filled up the measure of his wrong-doing. "Edmund was better: they were returning to the Grange: the doctors ordered absolute rest"—and that was all.

Lord Gletherton was greatly vexed at the omission of his name. He knew himself to be less guilty than she deemed; he believed that his message had been given. He was hurt, and disappointed; sore rather than angry in his mood towards Edmund; sulky and irritable with Frederick, who at last taxed him with it, not too wisely.

"I don't know why you vent your wrath on me, Gletherton," he said, as they smoked, somewhat moodily, that evening; "but not one civil word have I had from you all day. It is not my fault that Charlton over-talked himself, as many a man has done before and lived to laugh at it; yet there you sit, sulking and fretting, hankering after a man who threw away your friendship, for a few intemperate words."

Reginald flushed angrily. "One, at least, of your family has done her best to keep us asunder."

"I suppose so; but why care about it? Charlton doesn't."

"If I choose to come forward first, who is to prevent me?"

"Not I, certainly," with a short laugh. "If you like to humble yourself and take up a yoke of which you are well quit—you have only to do it. Yet the Fitzgeralds call themselves a proud family."

Proud! The word a few months previous would have roused the angry passions of Reginald's nature. That it no longer did



so was a sign that Reginald was improving. Still, the answer came sharply: "I humbled myself when I first allowed you to lead me wrong. I do not care what you may call it, Frederick; but Edmund's face has haunted me all day. You may laugh at the trick which separated us, but I tell you it goes deeper than you think."

Frederick did not answer, and Reginald continued, forgetting for the moment that he had told Frederick nothing of his cousin's absence from home. "It was a childish but a dangerous trick to play. I cannot think the thought was hers."

"Whose was it then?" said Frederick, sneeringly. "Pshaw! Reginald, she is capable of anything. A silly, little frivolous thing, with no more sense or malice than a child! If I were you, I'd let it drop—least said soonest mended, all the world over."

Something in the tone struck Reginald as curious. He did not answer; but the next morning, at an early hour, he stood again in the drawing-room at Easterham, awaiting anxiously the appearance of his cousin.

She did appear very soon, with her usual *staccato*, bird-like manner. Perhaps she was a little more fluttered than of wont when she met Reginald's grave look, and she held out her hand to him with an almost deprecating air. "I don't know what excuse to make, Reginald," she said, timidly, as she raised her eyes shrinkingly to his, for once, stern face.

"I do not either, Amy," he said, gravely, as he sat down. "It is, I grieve to say, a serious business: much more so than you think. I hope, at least, you will be frank with me."

"What have you come for?" in a frightened tone. "What is it that you want to ask me? I meant no harm! you know I did not!"

"I want to know by whose advice, and instigation, you sent that letter to Oxminster?"

"It was sent to Gletherton!"

"You acknowledge then that you *did* write it?"

"Oh, yes! It was not forged! I wish it had been!"

"Why so?"

"It would not have been *my* fault then! O Reginald, *did* you think that I would part you from your friend."

"I do not think you would. I never did think so. I held that letter as a frank appeal for help; not otherwise should I have left Oxminster—at such a time."

His voice shook a little, and his cousin's eyes filled with tears. "I am so sorry," she said, gently. "Forgive me, Reggie."

"Can you forgive yourself?" he answered, gravely. But her eyes fell before his gaze, and she made no reply. Reginald paused a moment: the character of inquisitor was not a pleasant one, and he felt sorry for her evident embarrassment. But know the truth he must, and would.

"Will you tell me the originator of that letter?" he said presently: "I have come all this way to ask you."

But either the tone offended Lady Vivian, or the direct question perplexed her, and she strove to brave it. "I am sorry you have had so much trouble, Reginald—won't you take some luncheon?"

"No, thank you." Then very gravely: "I ask you, Amy—Who originated this? It is of more consequence than you imagine."

"I am sorry, Reginald: but what am I to do! I wrote the letter, and I sent it! and that is all that you have a right to know."

"Did you intend me to come here for nothing?"

"Yes; it was only done in jest!"

"You think so?" In spite of his enforced good-temper, his lip curled as he spoke.

"Reginald, how could I *know*?"

"Know when and where the letter would be given to me? You could not—but another did, too well."

The words were significant, and she remained silent, tapping the carpet with her little foot, and longing for the interview to end.

"When did you send it to me?"

She did not answer.

"There was no post-mark. It was sent by hand: by whose, then?"

She was growing perplexed, confused, and would not trust herself to speak.

"Amy, you *must* know," he said, more sternly.

"I cannot help it! What right have you to question me?"

"I have every right. I have been treated shamefully. I have been the victim of a plot: and I choose to find the author of it. You know what happened at Oxminster?" he added, faltering somewhat; "and can you wonder at my present feelings?"

Then her face softened. "It will make no difference to Mr. Charlton—if I tell you," she said, in a less steady tone.

"It may make some difference to the man who parted us."

"Man!" echoed his cousin.

"Yes; you need not be surprised, Amy. I should not have come here to-day without, at least, some faint suspicion of the truth."

"If you know already, why ask me all these questions, when I tell you that I cannot answer them!" said her ladyship, looking ready to cry.

"I suspect the man who has always stepped between us; who has never lost an opportunity of driving us apart; to whom and to whose plotting I owe, not only every little coolness of the past, but the bitterness that now divides us. I mean your brother-in-law, Frederick Manley; and I ask you, Amy, on your word of honour, am I right, or am I wrong?"

The question was too straightforward to be avoided. She burst into tears.

Reginald looked distressed. He was very fond of his cousin, and began to feel that he had been a little harsh with her. "I did not mean to frighten you," he said, more gently. "I only wished to be certain of my ground. The man who can descend to such duplicity can be henceforth no friend of mine. I wonder you uphold him."

"I do not!" The words came involuntarily.

"Yet you screen him."

"I have not said so."

"Amy, you are trifling with me!" And his eyes grew stern. "Say one thing: have you promised to be silent?"

"I may not tell you, Reginald: even Stephen doesn't know."

"Your silence tells me. I have proof sufficient." And he rose, slowly, to take leave; holding out his hand, he looked down gravely into the startled, child-like eyes. They could not keep their secret, and he was satisfied.

It was still early in the afternoon, when he returned home, and proceeded at once to the study or smoking-room, where Frederick was at that hour likely to be found. He was not disappointed.

Mr. Manley looked up slowly from behind the pages of the *Times*. "Ha! Reginald! good-morning," he said, carelessly; but something in his tone betrayed anxiety. "You had an early start, methinks. I hope the result repaid the trouble."

Lord Gletherton had uttered a curt "good-morning;" but he made no answer to Frederick's speech, and the latter, from simply curious became uneasy. For what had happened to Lord Gletherton to cloud his sunny, open face in this wise? to rouse his angry passions as they evidently were roused? He had been angry, passionate with Edmund; had said hard things to him, and his eyes had flashed and his cheek had burned: but never as now, when every depth in his passionate soul had been stirred within him—and this time with sufficient cause.

Frederick saw that a crisis was at hand, and the thought gave him little satisfaction, though, cool and defiant as ever, he gave no sign. He took up the *Times* again, and glanced over it carelessly. "Another wreck—a frightful one!" he said presently; but still Reginald made no reply. He paced up and down the long, low room (his wont when violently excited or distressed); his light blue eyes ablaze with suppressed emotion, his cheek flushed, his wrath increasing with every stride. Suddenly he stopped. He was standing before Frederick, and his scathing glance fell upon him, in strange contrast to the low, measured words.

"Base—pitiful," he began; then very sorrowfully, "and I have called you *friend*."

Frederick started and looked up: his expression one of angry astonishment. "Are you *mad*, Gletherton! These words to me! I am at a loss to understand——" He paused suddenly, as Reginald's gesture interrupted him.

"You do not *understand*? I will enlighten you. I am acquainted with the wretched jest you played upon me."

A scornful laugh burst from Frederick. "You speak in riddles, Reginald! forgive me my stupidity. What jest do you allude to?" But his face belied his words.

"I allude to Lady Vivian's letter. You gave it to me at Oxminster—you did not receive it there."

"You are sure of that?" The words were calm, but Frederick's face had flushed to crimson.

"I know it as a *fact*."

"And your inference is——"

"That you are a consummate scoundrel."

"Lord Gletherton!" Frederick sprang to his feet. Then more slowly: "This accusation——"

"Is true: do not deny it. Now do you understand?—You

do not? Then you shall. False as you are, your deceit shall be made clear: before we part—for ever."

Frederick strove to speak, but the words would not come.

Reginald went on in a lower tone, his gaze still fixed on his companion's face: "You do not deny it? I am glad for your sake that you do not: grieved for us both that you *cannot*; for we have been friends: and because of this friendship, I will ask one question more—Why have you plotted, schemed, planned to do me this irreparable injury?"

"I have done you no injury," was the dogged answer; but though his tone was hard even to defiance, his eyes fell before the accusing gaze.

"You have done me the greatest," cried Reginald, fiercely. "Must I tell you how? You have planned and schemed—to rob me of a friend. To my shame, you have succeeded. You next upheld me, flattered me in my wrong-doing; and when I *would* have made things right again, you came between us—not openly, nor fairly.—Good heavens! how blind I must have been; and you—how base."

Frederick had listened with some difficulty: his lips compressed, his arms folded, his head a little bent upon his breast. He looked up now. "I have heard you to the end, Lord Gletherton——"

"That was my intention," answered Reginald. "I will hear your explanation, if you have one. If not——"

"What then, Lord Gletherton?"

"Nothing then, Mr. Manley, except this: we must part."

The words fell very clearly, yet Frederick at first made no answer. He was selfish, revengeful, unfeeling; but wholly callous he was not, and Reginald's words stung him to the quick. The colour rushed to his face again, and his frame shook with suppressed passion—but the game was a desperate one, and there was only one card left to him to play. He moved a step nearer, and his tone, full of reproach and pain, won a hearing, where anger or insolence would have met contempt.

"A friendship more shallow than ours, Lord Gletherton, had ended *here*. As it is—I will give you time."

An indignant exclamation interrupted him; but Frederick seemed as though he did not hear it. His tones became smooth and soothing, as if they had been spoken to an angry child. "I can make allowance for your hereditary failing," he said,

slowly. "Who should pardon it, if not I? I shall, of course, leave the Abbey immediately; but when this little explosion is over, an apology will, I trust, be forthcoming. I will try then—for old time's sake—to forgive."

He turned slowly away; and for a moment Reginald stood silent, perhaps in sheer astonishment at so unexpected an address. Then he spoke haughtily, with a sternness that was new to him.

"You have mistaken my meaning, Mr. Manley. When once these doors have closed between us, we are less than strangers to each other."

He was very cool now, for his anger had given way to contempt; and as he stood there, pale but haughty—his hand upon the door—the last word spoken, Frederick saw that his game was up, and, furious with himself and Reginald, yet steeled himself to escape with dignity from his humiliating position. "If such be your wish, Lord Gletherton, far be it from me to combat it. You have treated me unjustly: to this your friends are accustomed. You have insulted me cruelly: of that I did not until now believe you capable."

But Reginald, bending his head, stiffly, turned slowly and quitted the room.

He had borne himself proudly and manfully throughout, supported by his bitter indignation; but when the door had closed upon the man whom he had once believed his friend—closed once and for ever upon the friendship of a life—the blame and scorn which he had given another, recoiled upon himself. If Frederick had sinned, was *he* then guiltless, through whose folly or weak compliance the wrong had come to pass? Was his own share indeed so blameless—his own burden so light to bear—when now at length he looked it in the face? A friendship wronged—a love betrayed—the true gold spurned for merest dross. The draught was a very bitter one, and Reginald had to drain it to the dregs.

To Frederick the crisis was also a painful one; but it was his interest, not his heart, on which the blow fell heaviest. He had played a high stake and lost it. He had risked the friendship of the Earl, which in a worldly point of view was important, for the sake of a vindictive triumph; and now his last card was played: and while his stake was forfeited, the measure of his revenge was barely full.

He sat there after Reginald had left him, moodily looking

his future in the face ; with no hope of regaining what he had lost, of perfecting what he had left undone.

Presently the Earl's voice sounded on the staircase ; his step crossed the hall. There were sounds of a horse's hoofs on the hard drive, and he knew that he had looked his last upon their friendship, and that he must leave before Reginald's return.

Mrs. Fitzgerald, knowing little, yet surmising much, accorded him only a cold farewell ; and so, unregretted yet surely not unregretting, he turned his back upon the house which of late years had been to him a second home.

The immediate cause of the quarrel with Reginald was never known, but rumours approaching the truth were speedily noised abroad, and Frederick's popularity began to wane : house after house was closed against him. Mrs. Clifton and her daughter were among the last to uphold him, but even this championship came to an end. The advent of a son-and-heir to the Vivians, by destroying the vague chance of a coronet which had been Frederick's last resource, did much (in conjunction, of course, with filial duty and submission) to shake the constancy of Miss Lucy ; and when debts and difficulties forced him to retire somewhat abruptly to the Continent, she consented to relinquish and even to forget him, bestowing her hand and her fortune upon a neighbouring squire.

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## CHAPTER L.

And he kissed her twice and thrice

For that look within her eyes

Which he could not bear to see.—*E. B. Browning.*

EDMUND had returned to Charlton Grange. Still weak, still ill, still barely fit, it seemed, to travel only those few short miles. He had yearned passionately for home, and Liliás also. His hosts were kind, considerate, helpful ; true friends, as he felt, and he was grateful to them, but he wished to return home, whilst he had yet the strength to do so.

Reginald's sudden departure without a word, had been a keen surprise to him, a keener pain. He could not understand it. The Earl might have been called away : he had probably been so ; but he should have at least seen Liliás—have left a word of explanation. We know that Reginald had done this ; that he had striven to speak to Edmund, though he had shrunk



from Liliás ; though in the confusion and anxiety, few had noticed him. Dr. Campbell had not understood his hurried words ; others had not dared to broach the subject : and so it was that Edmund left Everton, and returned home, knowing nothing of Reginald's repentance, of his frustrated attempt at reconciliation. He bore the journey better than he had expected, and in a day or two was out again ; but those of his dependents who saw and spoke to him, saw that a change had come upon him, that he was not as he had been before.

Tired one day, of his brief walk, he returned to the house, where Liliás presently found him, writing, with deeds and parchments spread before him ; a weary look upon his face.

"You should have let me help you," she said, softly. "You look so tired, so worn. Dear Edmund, do not mind about these things, surely, surely, they can wait. What are they?"

"They relate to Cora's guardianship. You know," he added, with a smile, "her marriage will necessitate some changes."

"I know it will. But this one, Edmund?"

"Relates to Herbert. Although no longer his personal guardian, I have still some control over his affairs."

"You do not mean that Reginald sent these papers?"

"Through his lawyers. Of course they had to come to me, and" (rather sadly), "all things considered, this was, I suppose, the easiest way."

Liliás did not speak the hot words which rose to her lips. They would have consoled some men, but they would only have pained him. She bent over her husband, and kissed him tenderly. "O Edmund ! how I wonder at your patience : so sorely tried : so little understood. He does not know what he has lost—the worth of the friendship he has thrown away."

"He has not lost it : it is ready waiting for him, when he comes to claim it," he said, as he again bent over his papers. Then, presently : "I can do no more, Lily, I am too tired."

Liliás put aside the papers for him : then drew him to the sofa, and as he lay back wearily upon it, she sunk on her knees beside him, and laid her cool hand upon his brow. "Oh ! if Dr. Harley were but here—if you would only see him."

"I have just seen Dr. Campbell, Lily."

"Yes, but I want to know the whole real truth, Edmund ; and Dr. Campbell is so cold—so self-contained. I dared not ask him. I have been blind too long," she added, sadly. "Why did I let you go to Oxminster?"

"My child, it did me no real harm ; what happened was the result of illness, not the cause."

"It made you weaker than you were before ; you had so little strength to meet it, and now you seem unfit for anything. Are you suffering more ?" she questioned, anxiously.

"Lilias, what has frightened you ?" and he lifted her bowed head, and gazed yearningly into her eyes ; but the words, almost evasive, brought no comfort.

"O Edmund," she wailed forth, "I am so wretched."

A thrill passed through his heart, but he bent and kissed her, without speaking. Alas, what could he say ! then, as she still seemed waiting : "My darling, it is God's will." His tones were very low, and tremulous with emotion, and the tears were gathering in his eyes ; for her sake, for her sorrow, rather than his own.

She made no answer ; only clung to him silently ; hoping against hope ; at least, the end might not be near. As she did not speak or move, only knelt beside him, in the first agony of grief and fear, the thought came to him, that he should perhaps have told her sooner—prepared her for the blow he was so powerless to avert from her.

"Lily," he said, tenderly. "Have I been wrong in trying to spare you ?"

She raised her head, and threw her arms around him. "O Edmund, Edmund ! you have always been too good to me ! But you must not, shall not die—I cannot bear it."

"My child, as *God* wills, not as we will," he said, reverently ; then he drew her towards him, and thus they clung together, whilst one by one the stars came out, and the dark evening closed.

Dr. Harley had been absent some months, and had only just returned, when he received Edmund's letter, and at once proceeded to the Grange.

Edmund was seated at his writing-table, engaged with the deeds which he had left unfinished the night before. Mr. Lawrence, the parish priest, was with him, and both rose to greet the doctor. Edmund thanked him cordially for his early visit.

"I fancied until this afternoon, that you had been at home a day or two, or I would not have asked you to come over in such a hurry," he said, with a frank smile.

"I am very glad you did. How is Lady Lilius?"

"Thank you, she is well. You have been a long time on your travels, Dr. Harley. I trust that your tour in Switzerland has done you good?"

"Thank you, I feel quite renovated; and you?"

The words were spoken hesitatingly: in truth they needed no reply: one glance at the frail form, the altered face, had already told the physician all. Edmund was fearfully changed, during these last six months. His brow had been always pale; but it had not always had those blue veins, marked in such distinct relief upon the temples; during these few minutes he had coughed frequently, and the cough had brought an increase of colour, ominous under the circumstances. There was also a slowness in his step, a languor in his whole bearing, that had never been there of old. The physician saw this, and his stern brow grew sterner still. In some hearts and these not the hardest, sternness is near akin to sorrow.

The short silence was broken by Mr. Lawrence, and a little general conversation succeeded, politics and county news, and then Edmund said: "I received these papers a few days since. They concern Herbert Devereux's property, of which you know I am trustee."

"The boy who was over here with Lord Gletherton last summer?"

"The same. I have done all that is required for them, but my signature must be witnessed. Perhaps you and Mr. Lawrence would do me that kindness?"

He unfolded the deed as he spoke, and taking a pen from the inkstand, slowly wrote his name in the appointed place. Mr. Lawrence and Dr. Harley stood by his side as he did so. The delicate, characteristic writing was the same as ever.

Edmund looked up with a smile. "Now, Harley, for yours," and giving him the pen he pointed to the place. The doctor signed his name: Mr. Lawrence also. Then Edmund folded the deed, sealed it, and deposited it in his drawer, together with the other papers relative to the trust. Mr. Lawrence now took leave; and Edmund was alone with Dr. Harley. A few moments of silence ensued. Presently Edmund rose and stood, back to the fire, looking down earnestly upon his friend.

"Do you know why I have sent for you?" he said, slowly; then, as the doctor did not at once answer, he went on: "It was to consult you about myself. You find me changed, I see."

"I do," replied the doctor, gravely. How changed he did not dare to say.

"I want your frank opinion," went on Edmund, very quietly. "Some doctors would not tell me: but you, my friend, will do so. I have shrunk a little from your verdict, for my wife's sake, more than mine; but she has grown at last to fear the worst, and it is by her request I now consult you. Nay, do not hesitate to tell me," he repeated: "I know what this cough *means*. I broke a blood-vessel the other day; another sign of what is wrong with me. But I do not know how near the end may be or how far distant. Harley, I want you to be frank with me—I know that you will be so."

Still Dr. Harley did not speak. He was studying Edmund's face, and marvelling at the calmness stamped upon it. Surely this man regretted life—so sweet as it had lately grown to him; and yet his words fell slowly, quietly, as if he spoke of other than himself—of life, of death, of parting, not his own. It is a cruel thing to speak a doom like this, to snatch away the last faint hope, not from one heart only, but from many; a doctor's saddest duty, yet one, alas, which comes to him so often. Dr. Harley thought of Liliás—of her child—far more than of his friend. It is the bereaved sometimes that need our pity; not the plucked fruit. His words came abruptly at length: "You have been ill?" he said.

"Not actually; I have been ailing since last summer," said Edmund, as he sat down again. "I caught a chill at Eldesley afterwards, and was advised to go abroad. Then business, trouble, came upon me, and I could not go."

"You should have gone," said Dr. Harley, slowly.

"Yes, I should; but then it was hardly possible," he said, quietly. "Would it have cured me?"

"I fear not, but it might have——" He stopped, suddenly.

"Prolonged my life? Is it too late to go now?"

"Were you thinking of it?" The words were almost curt in their surprise.

"My wife was thinking of it——" He paused a moment, a look of anxious thought upon his face. "I see you doubt my strength to do so."

"You are weaker than you think," said the physician, gravely. "I do not think that you could bear the journey, even were you to go *at once*. But you must let me ask you a few questions," he added, gently. "You have of course consulted others?"

"I have not sought a verdict," he paused ; then, as the doctor looked surprised, he added : "I had grown accustomed to feeling far from strong. I did not know the truth as I now know it. I have been ill and sought advice—but nothing more. Twice in past years I heard without asking, that there was this to fear—an old wound was the cause of it. I spoke to you about it once before."

"What did they tell you?"

"That I must be careful. Well, I strove to be so. I went abroad *then*, and though there were some drawbacks, the change, the rest, the warmer climate, did me good. I thought perhaps it might be so again?"

"Your mother tried it," said the doctor, thoughtfully.

"Yes," with a pained look, "and it did not answer. She was delicate; but not consumptive, Dr. Harley. It was trouble, sorrow, disappointment, in her case."

"You have had trouble also," said the doctor, in a low tone, as he gazed sadly on the worn, sensitive face. "It is not all illness with you."

"I have had trouble," replied Edmund, "but I have had much joy also. If sorrow sometimes helps to kill, surely happiness is a great restorer. For years past I have had little to wish for—only one thing, and that I think God will soon grant to me," he added, in a low earnest voice, speaking rather to himself than to his friend.

A little silence followed. Dr. Harley knew well what Edmund would not acknowledge even to himself, that the worry, the trouble, his friend's coldness, more than all, had helped the fell disease that was upon him.

In a few moments he spoke again, but the theme changed. "You have been very quiet this summer?" he said, questioningly.

"Yes, I was obliged to be so. I have not been equal to the task of entertaining. The only person I should care to see now could hardly be called a guest."

"Lord Gletherton?" asked Dr. Harley.

Edmund bent his head assentingly. "The time may come when I shall *send* for him," he said, quietly. There was no mistaking what he meant. And then calmly and very quietly he told the physician all he felt and all he suffered—the restless nights, the growing weariness, and with each word that told so much, the expression of grave concern grew deeper on Dr. Harley's face. Edmund saw this; his clear hazel eyes never

once wandered from his friend's features. He marked the pained hesitation ; the sad reluctance of the questions: the grieved look when the examination was concluded, and he saw that the opinion was hard to utter—how much harder then to *hear*. He strove to make the first part easier.

"You think I have not long to live, Harley ? You must not fear to tell me ; I know it well."

The physician was now standing by his side, looking down upon the white brow, and noting again the hectic of the cheek, the brilliant eyes, the painful respiration ; the quick pulse of fever, the short hacking cough that broke at times upon the conversation. He slowly dropped the hand that he was holding, and sitting down, averted his face.

"How long ?" asked Edmund, very calmly, and the doctor told him.

"It may be—a few months, Charlton. I dare not promise you till spring."

Edmund started. He had thought himself prepared to meet the *worst*, yet now that it had come, his brave strong nature seemed to shrink before it. His dear ones had never seemed so precious to him.

"I should have prepared you better," said his friend, gently, as he marked the struggle.

Edmund raised his head, and a smile of intense sweetness crossed his face. "It is appointed unto all men *once* to die," he said : and then the smile flitted, but the face still bore an unearthly calm.

Dr. Harley wrung his hand as it was extended to him, and shortly took his leave.

A few moments later, Liliás entered the study. She came to hear from his lips, what she had not dared to seek from any other. But the face turned towards her as she entered, prepared her for the worst. There was a great peace upon it, but it was hardly of earth. A faint cry escaped her, and she sank on her knees beside him. His arms were thrown round her with a fond, sad tenderness in their clasp, and she felt that his eyes were bent lovingly upon her.

"Lily, my poor child, God has willed it."

"Oh, no, no, it cannot be," cried poor Liliás, and then, as he did not answer, she looked for a moment up into his face. Then, indeed, she knew that there was no hope.

*Father Luke Rivington and Canon Bright.*

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WE had hoped to publish in our present issue Father Luke Rivington's reply to the attack made upon him by Canon Bright, under the title of "Roman Controversial Methods," a reply which had been announced in the *Tablet* as about to appear in our columns, and to which the *Church Quarterly Review* has directed the attention of its readers.

To our regret, Father Rivington has found it impossible to prepare his paper in time for our going to press, or to deal adequately, in such an article as can be inserted in a single number of *THE MONTH*, with the large amount of matter which such a reply entails. He therefore proposes to treat some at least of the points calling for animadversion in the *Dublin Review* for January, 1897.

ED. MONTH.



## Reviews.

### I.—ROME AND ENGLAND.<sup>1</sup>

UNFORTUNATELY, the Anglican claim to "continuity" with the pre-Reformation Church in England is based on deep-rooted prejudice and not on reason, but if it be possible for any who have hitherto believed in it to bestow a little dispassionate attention on Father Rivington's *Rome and England*, they will hardly rise from the perusal without astonishment that a claim so unfounded should ever have been made, or that arguments so crude and hopeless should ever have been pressed into its service.

Thus the Bishop of Stepney assures us that "Pope Gregory made us a national Church, *Ecclesia Anglorum*, the Church of the English . . . proud of its connection with the greatest city of the world, the greatest See of the West, but proud with a national English pride that knew nothing of the barbarous Imperial Byzantine ceremony of kissing people's toes." Apparently he is completely ignorant that the ordinary pre-Reformation way of commencing letters to the Holy See on the part of kings, nobles, Archbishops of Canterbury, and other bishops, was with the phrase, "kisses of the blessed feet."

Perhaps it may be protested that no one takes the Bishop of Stepney for a competent writer, but there are other authorities of unquestionable reputation who give themselves away in a manner which if less, is only less remarkable. Professor Collins hazards the statement that "the English Church acted in the matter of Bishop Wilfrid without paying the least attention to the Pope's decision in his behalf," and at once Father Rivington is able to appeal from the Professor of Ecclesiastical History at King's College to the Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Oxford; for Canon Bright has written that "it is often assumed that the Northumbrian Church and realm in

<sup>1</sup> *Rome and England; or, Ecclesiastical Continuity.* By the Rev. Luke Rivington, M.A. London: Burns and Oates.

680 rejected the Roman decree in favour of Wilfrid as being Roman, and as constituting an interference. This is to ignore evidence."

Then there is Bishop Lightfoot's pronouncement that "not Augustine, but Aidan, is the true Apostle of England," a pronouncement accepted as so certain that, in order to symbolize it, on the seal of the Church House St. Aidan is placed at our Lord's right hand and St. Augustine on His left, streams of water flowing from His feet to theirs, and thence to the present generation. Once more Canon Bright rises to protest against the perversion of facts. "If the title [of Apostle] belongs to the man who first brings home to any part of a given people the knowledge of Christ and the ordinances of His religion, then it is enough to remark that Augustine came into Kent when all the 'Saxon' kingdoms were still heathen. He came to confront risks which Aidan, for instance, had never to reckon with on appearing in Northumbria at the express invitation of St. Oswald . . . [Augustine] threw open the pathway."

Once more, we have no less authorities than Stubbs and Freeman, in the *Report of the Ecclesiastical Courts Commission*, instructing us magisterially that "the Canon Law of Rome, although regarded as of great authority in England, was not held to be binding in the courts" (*i.e.*, before the Reformation). And yet the Cambridge Professor of English Law, Dr. Maitland, in the *English Historical Review* for July, tells us that "the English Church was [then] in the eyes of its own judges a dependent fragment whose laws had been imposed upon it from without," and that "as to the theory that prevailed in the Court of Canterbury during Lyndwood's tenure of office, there can be doubt whatever. Peckham and his Councils could not 'ratify' legatine constitutions: in such a context 'the sanction of the National Church' [a phrase used by Dr. Stubbs] = 0."

It would be possible to cite other instances collected by Father Rivington in which the nemesis on the advocates of continuity has come from some competent authority on their own side. But it is to Bishop Creighton and his Norwich speech on National Churches, afterwards published by the Church Historical Society, that *Rome and England* specially devotes itself. Bishop Creighton is in the front rank among recognized historical authorities, and Father Rivington is far from wishing to undervalue his reputation. Rather it is just because of his reputation that he selects him as a representative

advocate of the theory he is criticizing. If a man like Bishop Creighton, as soon as he touches this theory, is found to deliver himself so easy a victim into our hands, how hopeless the theory must be.

Dr. Creighton's thesis is that "the Church of England, while retaining its own continuity in all essentials, admitted the Papal jurisdiction on grounds of utility." This means, of course, that they did not admit a *Divine* authority which they were obliged to obey, but one which they might accept and obey or not as they found most beneficial to themselves. Thus the issue between Father Rivington and Bishop Creighton, or rather the issue between the Catholic Church of England and the Anglican Church of England, is clearly and sharply defined. One would have expected Bishop Creighton, in arguing for his own thesis, to take into account the constantly recurring passages in pre-Reformation authorities and writers which, whilst acknowledging Papal jurisdiction, speak of it as of Divine appointment, and refer its origin in express terms to the Petrine texts. This, however, is a labour from which he dispenses himself, although Father Rivington is able to gather such passages even from the midst of the very incidents to which the Bishop appeals for support. What he seems to consider sufficient is to give a summary account of such incidents, and put upon them a construction favourable to his theory, and it is surprising into what difficulties this unsatisfactory method leads him. One would like, and it would be possible, to illustrate this by several instances, but we must confine ourselves to two.

Finding it impossible altogether to ignore the many striking expressions of attachment and devotedness to the Holy See which abound particularly in the earlier part of the reign of Henry III., he hits upon the brilliant idea that "the theory of a far-off suzerain had been put in practice and had been found advantageous." Accordingly Father Rivington proceeds to test the idea by reference to Mr. Bliss's recently-published *Calendar of Papal Registers*. He selects the year 1226 as peculiarly favourable to Dr. Creighton, and takes six months' work of Papal interposition in the affairs both of Church and State. It is impossible to transcribe here the numerous cases of the sort within even that short interval, but we cannot help suspecting that when Dr. Creighton's attention is called to it, he will wish that he had written "close at hand suzerain" instead.

The irritation in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries felt

at the exercise by the Popes of the power to *provide*, or appoint, to English benefices, is the happy hunting-ground of "continuity" advocates, and Father Rivington has devoted much attention to the subject, studying very carefully, among other sources of information, the Rolls of Parliament. He is thus enabled to set the entire matter in its true light, and prove by irresistible evidence that the Pope's right to reserve appointments to benefices to himself over the heads of the patrons was fully recognized by all in England, and that the only protest was against his use of the power, which they maintained had been to the neglect of the spiritual interests of the English people. There may have been some truth in their contention, but in large part it appears to have been unreal, and it is a significant fact that the Universities should have complained that the temporary abeyance of Papal provisions was ruining the cause of learning, the immediate patrons not showing the same anxiety to promote learned candidates. The main point, however, is not whether the Pope's appointments were always wise or becoming, but whether the opposition took the form of rejecting his rights or only of murmuring over his exercise of them. Beyond all doubt it was only the latter, and what the "continuity" histories do is simply to "mistake a moan for dogmatic teaching." Does it ever occur to them, one wonders, to apply the same principle to the episodes of the nursery? If any one were moved to infer from the poutings and screamings of its youthful inhabitants that they "admitted (parental) jurisdiction on grounds of utility" only, he could rest his theory on a broader basis of fact than that on which Bishop Creighton and others can base their theory of "continuity."

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## 2.—CONSCIENCE AND LAW.<sup>1</sup>

We should be curious to know how far this excellent volume of essays is likely to find its way into the hands of those outside the Church. To many such readers its perusal would prove alike novel and instructive. It would introduce order into ideas where at present there reigns nothing but chaos. It would establish reason as the arbiter of human action in things which

<sup>1</sup> *Conscience and Law; or, Principles of Human Conduct.* By William Humphrey, S.J. London: Thomas Baker, Soho Square, 1896.

to the great mass of non-Catholics are purely matters of sentiment. Father Humphrey's book is not, indeed, light reading. It goes too deep for that. It might be appropriately described as an exposition from the Catholic standpoint of the fundamental principles of moral obligation, and its treatment is throughout severely scientific. But those who wish to learn, and not merely to be amused, will find here, admirably digested and arranged, the whole pith and marrow of the teaching of one of the most eminent moral theologians of our times, Father Ballerini, of the Roman College, of whom, if we mistake not, Father Humphrey was a pupil, and whose great *Opus Theologicum* has only been given to the world since the author's death. It is hardly necessary to say that Father Humphrey displays here, as in so many of his previous works, a singular gift for clothing scholastic thought in an English dress. While his language is scientifically accurate, it does not sound barbarous or technical, and though the matters which he discusses are sometimes abstruse, he is careful to avoid that involved construction of sentences which mars so many attempts to popularize theology, especially in German works and the translations thereof. Moreover, it may be said that while discoursing upon such delicate topics as Human Responsibility, Conscience, Law, Dispensations, Restitution, and so on, he avoids, with very considerable dexterity, all that might unnecessarily give offence. We fancy that many a reader would be very much surprised to be told that he had been reading a treatise on probabilism, a word which we do not remember to have detected anywhere in these pages. "Probabilism!" we could imagine such a reader saying, "why, I thought it was only common-sense." And indeed in many passages, such as the following for instance, the common-sense is as conspicuous as theological accuracy:

In matters which are obscure, superiors are to be obeyed by their subjects; that is to say, they are to be obeyed when it is not *certain* that there is sin in the act which they prescribe. If a subject were not justified in obeying, or if a subject were not bound to obey whenever he had a *doubt* with regard to the rightness of that which had been prescribed, the whole order of the commonwealth would be disturbed. When the precept of a superior is founded upon a prudently formed opinion of the rightness of that which he prescribes—even if the contrary opinion may seem to have for itself the greater weight of reasons—it is undoubtedly not certain that in his precept there is sin, and when sin is not manifest the subject is bound to obey.

If we may venture on one criticism, we think that Father Humphrey would not have interfered with the scientific accuracy of his treatment if he had indulged in a little more illustration, and his book would then have made rather a less severe demand upon his readers' attention, but this is only a detail, and we have too much to be thankful for to quarrel with trifles.

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### 3.—COBBETT'S REFORMATION.<sup>1</sup>

There must be not a few who were startled to hear that Dom Gasquet had undertaken to connect his name with a fresh issue of Cobbett's *Reformation*, a work which they would probably have been well content to see buried in oblivion. Not only has it, as was but natural, been condemned in unmeasured terms by those against whom its fierce denunciations were levelled, but many of those whose cause it was meant to serve have fought shy of an ally whose advocacy they distrusted, or even thought somewhat discreditable. The trenchant vigour of Cobbett's style, its limpid clearness and suitability for popular purposes, none could possibly fail to recognize, but the vigour not unfrequently degenerates into violence and coarseness, and malice rather than zeal may well be supposed to characterize a writer who lived and died in the religion upon which he poured such unmitigated contempt and obloquy. It has consequently come to be the fashion to endorse the verdict of Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer, that the work, however telling at the time of its appearance, amid the excitement of the struggle for Catholic Emancipation, is rather a party pamphlet than a contribution to serious history. Can any difference be wider than between such an author and his present Editor, who has attained the high position he occupies among historians by the most studious temperateness of his language, trusting only to the irresistible argument afforded by his facts?

When, however, we examine the new edition we shall find, not only that the conjunction of the names on the title-page is not so strange as at first sight appears, but that Father Gasquet is able to present Cobbett to the world in a light far more

<sup>1</sup> *A History of the Protestant Reformation in England and Ireland.* Written in 1824—1827, by William Cobbett. A new Edition, revised, with Notes and Preface, by Francis Aidan Gasquet, D.D., O.S.B. London and Leamington: Art and Book Company, 1896. Pp. xx. 406.



favourable than has hitherto been deemed possible. He does not deny that his author sometimes exceeded all bounds of propriety in the language he used, and he has not hesitated to excise or modify what is thus offensive, as well as certain allusions to persons and incidents which may have been considered effective when Cobbett wrote, but are unimportant in themselves and now altogether pointless. As to what is of far greater moment, namely, the soundness of the author's history, Father Gasquet tells us that having been at considerable pains to examine into the matter, he has been led to the conclusion that it is in the main trustworthy, and, as he tells us, he has found, to his own surprise, in how comparatively few cases a correction is required. This has been supplied, when necessary, by means of notes, in which have been also cited authorities in support of statements that might appear disputable. Such being the case, it is evident that the *History* may claim a value and importance which fully justify its reappearance, for as has already been said, nothing could be better adapted than the style of such a writer to commend his work to ordinary readers, and if the information supplied may be trusted, as we are now certified by such an authority, it is extremely desirable to circulate it as widely as possible.

But Father Gasquet has done much more than merely furnish such a certificate: he supplies a key to the scope and meaning of the book, without which very few would perceive its true significance. Cobbett, he points out, was roused to fury against the National Church, chiefly on account of the spoliation of the poorer classes which accompanied and ministered to its establishment. In his admirable Preface, Father Gasquet draws out this forgotten aspect of Reformation history, and shows how, more than any others, the lower orders were sufferers by the religious changes of the sixteenth century, which as their most characteristic and lasting monument inflicted on the country the curse of pauperism. Whatever be the merits of Cobbett's *History*, Father Gasquet's Preface will undoubtedly be prized as the most valuable portion of the book, while it enables us to read into the author's vehement language a motive which may well justify all its vehemence.

We heartily thank the learned Editor for undertaking a task which unquestionably demanded a good deal of courage, and which he has so excellently discharged.



4.—RETREATS GIVEN BY FATHER DIGNAM, OF THE SOCIETY OF JESUS.<sup>1</sup>

Among the wise-saws recorded in the *Ethics* of Aristotle, is one that warns us that we are to call no man happy until he is dead. Various interpretations are given of this saying, and among them is one that we may well apply to the author of the Retreats and Conferences contained in the volume before us. For the true character and worth of a man can generally be far better estimated after his death than it can be while he is still alive. Sometimes he is not a little overestimated during life, and qualities that have raised him high in the esteem of others turn out after his death to be the effects of the natural character with which he was born rather than to supernatural grace, and to his own self-denying efforts to conquer his faults and to live a life of virtue and perfection. And, on the other hand, there are men, and thank God, not a few men, who were regarded by those among whom they lived, and whose judgment of them was rather a superficial one, as men, good indeed, but nothing very remarkable in the way of virtue, and who nevertheless are discovered after their death to have attained to a degree of supernatural virtue and holiness, that their contemporaries little suspected. The world in general, and sometimes the members of their own family or Order, esteemed and respected them, but did not pierce beneath the surface or gauge the depths of holiness which characterized their hidden lives. They wondered why it was that the souls they directed clung to them so closely, and esteemed their counsels as almost inspired.

Now we do not hesitate to include Father Dignam in this latter class. He had such a power of self-effacement, and of hiding his life of self-sacrifice from the eyes of men, that the remarkable holiness that God had vouchsafed to him was but partially appreciated, even by those who were brought into close and constant intercourse with him. But since his death his true character has been more fully recognized. His memoir brings out the wonderful unselfishness of his life, and that gift which is impossible without personal holiness, the gift of leading on others to a high degree of sanctity. What his

<sup>1</sup> *Retreats given by Father Dignam, of the Society of Jesus.* With letters and notes of spiritual direction, and a few Conferences and Sermons. With a Preface by Father Gretton, S.J. London: Burns and Oates.

memoirs have already disclosed to all who have read them, appears with equal clearness in his Retreats and Conferences. They are essentially the work of a man who has himself lived the life that he recommends to others. They are simple, unpretending, with no attempt at rhetoric, but yet they come home to the heart with an incisive force which shows that they came straight from the heart of him who uttered them. They are, moreover, most ingenious and original in the lessons they deduce from the various scenes in the Life of our Lord with which they deal, and put the most familiar truths in a striking and interesting way that could not fail to attract those who listened to them. For instance, the following paragraph puts very forcibly the importance of gratitude. It is one of the points in a meditation on the Holy House of Nazareth, in a Retreat addressed to Religious.

Kneel on the doorstep, and most likely you will be invited to enter. But, before you go in, explain the cause of your visit; say that your life is so like their life, that you want to see the manner in which they spend their days, so that you may imitate them. You will not have got thus far without a thrill of gratitude, that God has called you to that life which most resembles the one spent by His Son on earth. Remember how often I have told you, that if anything will make us miserable on our deathbeds, it will be our want of gratitude. We have taken His countless gifts and benefits as a matter of course; and we have let vain solitudes, and foolish fears, choke up the gush of gratitude which ought to have burst forth every moment from our hearts' depths.<sup>1</sup>

Another feature of these meditations is their wonderful variety. Father Dignam must have had great fertility of mind, for though he deals with the same topic over and over again, yet he never repeats himself. If he puts forward the same thought, he puts it forward in such a new dress that we scarcely recognize it. We are not surprised that in the days when he gave so many retreats in religious houses, he was asked for again and again. But we suspect that the true cause why he was in such request was that those who had the privilege of listening to him discerned in him the man of God, and recognized in his teaching lessons that God Himself had inspired him with. This he doubtless owed in great measure to his constant devotion to the Sacred Heart, which was the centre of his life during the many years that he spent at

<sup>1</sup> P. 174.

St. Helens, as Central Director of the Apostleship of Prayer. The meekness and humility that we find him so constantly inculcating in his retreats were drawn from the same source, and those who associated with him, especially during the few last years of his life, will bear witness that the force with which he inculcated these two primary virtues, was in great measure due to the care with which he cultivated them himself.

These meditations will be found most valuable to all who desire to have a thorough knowledge of the Exercises of St. Ignatius, to those who give retreats as well as to those who make them. Some of them are specially intended for those who have to make their retreat by themselves. They will also serve well for ordinary meditations, and the Conferences for spiritual reading. They are in fact quite a treasury of holy thoughts and pious considerations.

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#### 5.—RELIGIOUS FAITH.<sup>1</sup>

The purport of this thoughtful volume is first to arrive at a clear conception of faith as exhibited in the Scriptures of the New Testament; and then to win an argument for it by showing its correspondence with man's deepest spiritual and intellectual needs. Observing a hopeless diversity in the usage of the term "faith," the author proceeds to investigate the question inductively for himself, and concludes that in the Gospels and Epistles it has three distinctly marked meanings; faith in God; justifying faith; and, what he calls, faith of personal attachment to Christ. The first is explained to be obedience to the internal revelation of conscience; which is a predisposition to the acceptance of Christian revelation. The latter is called justifying faith, not merely because it is a breaking with a sinful past, but also because it involves an elevation to a new plane of being—a "re-creation" of a mystical, if not exactly of a physical nature. Finally, faith of attachment seems to be equivalent to personal fidelity in carrying out our baptismal contract with Christ. The writer allows that the most prominent sense of the term is a belief in certain mysterious facts and dogmas. It is gratifying, though not very surprising, to find that a candid and independent searching of the Scriptures should

<sup>1</sup> *Religious Faith.* By the Rev. Henry Hughes, M.A. London: Kegan Paul, 1896.

bring a thoughtful mind, unconsciously no doubt, to conclusions harmonious with the Catholic faith. Still there are many points both of faith and philosophy where we must join issue with Mr. Hughes. While we allow that without revelation reason cannot reach the first truths of religion and morality, with that ease, and certainty, and universality which is all but necessary for spiritual evolution and progress, yet we cannot allow its absolute impotency in the matter. Belief in the existence of a Personal God, infinite and absolute, in the freedom of the will, in that organic unity of the human race which is the basis of unselfish altruism, are all within the compass of reason unassisted by revelation. We may freely grant that they belong chiefly to the realm of implicit reasoning; that they are conclusions of the "illative science;" that many of the attempted analyses and explicit reasonings are unsatisfactory. It almost seems to us sometimes that Mr. Hughes would dignify these conclusions of implicit reasoning with the name of faith; for nowhere does he insist much on the interposition of authority as the formal motive of faith; or if he does, he is not clear that such an interposition must be by way of a preternatural speaking of God to the soul, direct or indirect. When he tells us that faith in God is belief in the revelation of conscience, it may be that he speaks of some such preternatural internal utterance as we may conceive Socrates to have been favoured with; in which case we should have nothing to criticize. But he seems rather to consider that when we pass from the merely directive moral sense to imperative conscience, we leave the domain of reason for that of revelation. Our suspicion of the inadequacy of his notion of faith is still more confirmed when he seems to find no other difference between rational assent and belief, than that the latter concerns moral truths whose acceptance involves practical consequences of a difficult nature. But when he comes to deal with the contents of revelation all this is explained. For he tells us that it is only in the moral teaching of Scripture that we have any right to look for inspiration. If dogmas are revealed, it is only for the sake of their moral import. Three modes of apprehending God's moral relationship to us, give us three Persons, or personifications of the Deity. Morality is the end of life; and not a means to life's end. Revelation comes to the rescue of reason simply in the cause of morality. His, therefore, is the position so ably repudiated by Newman in his three lectures on *Rationalism in Religion*.

It is all the more significant that in spite of this strong rationalistic bias, Mr. Hughes' Scripture-searching should lead him to such mysticism as he displays in his doctrine of recreation, and of the organic unity pervading the members of Christ's mystical Body, the Church. Another strange point of contact is his recognition of the Apostolic insistence on unity in faith, as well as his acknowledgment that the credentials of the Church are substantially identical with those of her Founder.

From what has been said, it follows that while we agree with Mr. Hughes in his strictures on Dr. Martineau, we are entirely against him when he attacks Dean Mansel and Principal Caird. The former, however he may have lent a handle to agnostic perversions, was in his doctrine of the Infinite and Absolute in substantial agreement with Catholic philosophy, and needs but careful reading and occasional correction. The Hegelianism of the latter leads him to some of the noblest and profoundest truths of Catholic thought in a way which we can only explain by saying that deep thought, wherever it starts from, always converges to the same centre.

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#### 6.—A KEY TO LABOUR PROBLEMS.<sup>1</sup>

Those who were present at Hanley when Mrs. Crawford read her most interesting and instructive paper on "Léon Harmel and his Work," will doubtless turn with eagerness to the fuller presentment of the subject here offered them; and those who were not then present may be strongly recommended to do the same.

The Labour Problem threatens not only to be always with us, but to press its claims upon our attention with ever-increasing importunity, and it therefore behoves us all to do what we can to grasp the principles through which it is possible to hope for its solution. It must by this time be apparent to all thinking minds that neither in legislation nor in economic science can be found the remedy for the evils, the existence of which all must recognize, for the class jealousies and discords which grow with the growth of our boasted civilization, for the miseries they entail in the present, and the grave dangers they threaten in the near future. Not till selfishness shall be eliminated from the dealings between man and man, will the evils be exorcised of which it is

<sup>1</sup> *A Key to Labour Problems.* London: Catholic Truth Society.

the parent ; and to eliminate selfishness is beyond the sphere of politics or science. The Holy Father in his Encyclical on Labour, recognized this truth and pointed to the only remedy, namely, the introduction of the law of charity—the love of our fellow-men founded on the love of God—as a practical factor in our life. Theorists and doctrinaires scoffed at such advice—for they have set their hearts on finding some scheme or system which will work automatically, and renovate the face of the world by machinery. But the constituent parts of their machine must needs be men, and human nature is just what they fail to take account of in their calculations, though it is the pivot upon which the whole question turns. While it remains unregenerate, it is in vain to look for better things, and the history of the world assures us that religion is the only power which can effect its regeneration.

The value of the little work before us lies in this, that it illustrates by an object lesson the manner in which difficulties otherwise insurmountable melt away in presence of true Christian charity. M. Harmel, a large employer of labour as a wool-spinner, and the head of a singularly prosperous industrial enterprise, has, in the first place, solved the Labour Problem in practice, by making of his factories at Val-des-Bois, in Mrs. Crawford's words, "a veritable haven of industrial peace, where strikes are not, and where even trades-unions have no *raison d'être*." Secondly, he has embodied in a little book, which he styles a "Catechism," the means by which alone, as he believes, the dangers inherent in huge agglomerations of workers for industrial purposes, can be combated—namely, by establishing what he calls the "industrial family" on a frankly Christian basis, by creating a community of interest between employer and employed, by developing at once the rightful authority of the former, and the rational liberty of the latter, and by replacing class-antagonism and a spirit of selfish greed by "Christian charity and a love of justice."

It is this "Catechism" which, in a slightly modified form, is presented as *A Key to Labour Problems*, and all would do well to make themselves acquainted with what such an authority has to say on such a subject.

7.—LOGICA.<sup>1</sup>

Father Frick's *Logic*, of which a second edition has just appeared, is quite a model of a scholastic text-book. It is, as far as we can judge of it, excellently suited for use in a Logic Class. We say for a class, because in common with all scholastic text-books, it is *caviare* to an unpractised reader, who attempts to master it without the aid of a Professor to expound it.

It is clear, systematic, concise, and gives with great fulness, in the portion which treats of applied or Material Logic, the various objections that can be raised to the several propositions laid down. It follows faithfully in the steps of the scholastics and of St. Thomas, but at the same time there is a freshness in the restatement of the old truths that is due to the vigour of the author's mind and his thorough grasp of his subject. If we were to find a fault, we should be inclined to regret the absence of any notice of certain developments of minor Logic which have been put forward in modern times. Thus he gives the old-fashioned account of the Enthymeme, as a "Syllogism with one premise suppressed," and says nothing of the Aristotelian description of it, which Mansel resuscitated. He passes over altogether the useful conversion by contraposition, which gives the learner an insight into the logical force of certain grammatical expressions, the value of which is not obvious at first sight. But perhaps Father Frick omits it because it is, in point of fact, conversion only by courtesy, and the exactness of his mind does not allow him to wander from what belongs to the strict meaning of the term.

To give any idea of a book like this by means of individual extracts is impossible, but we cannot better illustrate the perspicuity of Father Frick's style than by translating his explanation of that bugbear of young logicians, the meaning of the phrase "second intention :"

The second intention is the act by which the mind turns itself to some object, as it exists in the mind. The second intention is accordingly either the previous act of the mind in itself, or the object of that act as known, and under those aspects which belong to the object only by reason of the mind's operation. It is called second intention, because it has reference to some previous act, and in some way is occupied with that previous act.

<sup>1</sup> *Logica.* In usum Scholarum. Auctore Carolo Frick, S.J. Editio altera emendata. Freiburg: Herder.



8.—PLAIN FACTS FOR FAIR MINDS.<sup>1</sup>

Nothing is likely to do so much good in spreading the true Faith as plain, straightforward, and accurate exposition of the genuine Catholic doctrine. Controversy is apt to arouse passion, which fatally interferes with the judicial temper, while lengthy arguments are apt rather to confuse the mind of the general reader than to instruct it. On the other hand, the native charm of truth needs but to be seen in order to be appreciated, and amidst the fitful and weary unrest of the modern world there are countless souls eagerly longing for something which shall afford them a secure foothold amid the quagmire of doubt and despond in which they are floundering.

In America, the Paulist Fathers have already laid us under many obligations by the excellent works which they have given us, but we are tempted to think that none is likely to do better service than Father Searle's little book now before us, which he most appropriately describes in his sub-title as "An appeal to candour and common sense." Nothing could be more admirable than this terse and pithy presentment of Catholic teaching, in a form which, while plainly showing the hand of a sound and practised theologian, must be thoroughly understood of the people, and cannot easily escape the memory of those who have encountered it. Altogether an excellent book, which cannot be too widely known.

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9.—SERMONS ON THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.<sup>2</sup>

We feel sure that Father McDermott's Sermons on our Blessed Lady must have been listened to with great interest by those who had the privilege of hearing them, if at least we may judge by the pleasure with which we ourselves have read them. They are clear, simple, devotional, full of information, and thoroughly theological in their tone and method. The three sermons on the Immaculate Conception of our Blessed Lady are especially happy, and ought to convince every Protestant who reads the book that the doctrine is, on a *priori* grounds, an almost certain consequence of the Incarnation. All the Sermons are thoughtful, picturesque, and replete with happy thoughts respecting the Holy Mother of God.

<sup>1</sup> *Plain Facts for Fair Minds.* By George M. Searle. 153rd Thousand. New York: The Catholic Book Exchange. (Five cents.)

<sup>2</sup> *Sermons on the Blessed Virgin Mary.* By the Very Rev. D. I. McDermott, Rector of St. Mary's Church, Philadelphia, Pa.

## *Literary Record.*

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### I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

IN this re-issue of Mrs. Parsons' story, the publisher has chosen a cover more attractive than her title,<sup>1</sup> which is, to say the least of it, commonplace. The story, however, does not merit this description, although it commences with the hackneyed incident of an infant saved from the wreck of a ship in which its parents are lost. Thanks to the patronage of the neighbouring lord of the manor, this child is better brought up and receives more chances in life than the ordinary story-book shipwrecked infant left to the care of rough fisher-folk; but, by reason of this, the discovery of his actual parentage and his necessary adoption by his nearest relative is postponed till the last chapter instead of falling out in the middle of the book, as is usual, we believe, in such stories. Peter Sands, the name invented for the infant hero, is brought up as a Catholic, and is a credit to his religion until he becomes involved in the suspicion of having murdered a man, a money-lender, into whose clutches one of his friends had fallen. How he is triumphantly acquitted, and sails eventually to manage his grandmother's estates in a West Indian island, Mrs. Parsons wrote her book to tell, and to its pages the inquiring reader must refer. The story, though slight and sketchy, is not unskillfully told. There is no hint nor mention of love in it from start to finish, which seems strange when one reflects that several young people figure in the tale. It is meant for young people; and its Catholic tone and the good advice placed in the mouths of some faithful priests are unimpeachable and desirable.

The inveterate caviller might reasonably object to this Grammar<sup>2</sup> that it is German-American rather than German-

<sup>1</sup> *Wrecked and Saved*. By Mrs. Parsons, author of *Tales for the Young*, &c. London: Burns and Oates, Limited. (Granville Popular Library.)

<sup>2</sup> *A New Practical German Grammar and Exercise Book*. By Dr. Rudolf Sonnenburg, of Ludwigslust, and the Rev. Michael Schoelch, of Wisconsin, U.S.A. Freiburg: B. Herder, publisher to the Holy Apostolic See.

English, since the spelling is of a different description to that used in England—a fault to be looked for less certainly in an educational work than in the ordinary transatlantic publication. Its presence here is likely to repel the potential student who holds that a language is most correctly spelled there where it first had birth: and so the knowledge of its merits will be limited. It is arranged on sound, modern, anti-Ollendorffian principles—the practice duly preceding the theory, and the exercises containing much solid information about the country and people whose language it is concerned to teach. Altogether, despite the drawback above mentioned, it is one of the ablest and most useful German Grammars that we have come across yet, and its price is extremely moderate.

It is hardly necessary to commend these lectures,<sup>1</sup> which have already won a deserved reputation for themselves. They are eminently practical, without any of the baldness or dryness which that quality is supposed to atone for. A considerable amount of useful dogmatic instruction is also woven into their texture in an easy and interesting way. One pleasing feature among many is the treatment of texts, which is never violent or non-natural, and yet always surprisingly fruitful and to the point. For all who deal with boys they will be invaluable.

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## II.—MAGAZINES.

The CIVILTÀ CATTOLICA. (October 3, 1896.)

The Bull on Anglican Orders (original text). The Eucharistic Congress and Demonstration at Orvieto. Moral Power in the Church. Modern Botany. A Rose amid Thorns, an historical sketch. Reviews. Bibliography. Chronicle.

———(October 17).

The Encyclical on the Rosary (Italian version). The Anglo-Venezuelan Dispute. The Monopoly of Education in Modern Times. The Relapse of Abyssinia into Heresy and Isolation. A Rose amid Thorns. Reviews. Bibliography. Natural Science. Chronicle.

<sup>1</sup> *Lectures for Boys*. By the Very Rev. Francis C. Doyle, O.S.B. Second Edition. London: Washbourne, 1896.

## THE ETUDES RELIGIEUSES. (October 15, 1896.)

The Situation in Hungary. *Father Durand, S.J.* A Great Christian of the Seventeenth Century. *Father Chérot, S.J.* Ancient Languages and Literatures in Education. *Father Peeters, S.J.* Manning and Newman. *Father Bremond, S.J.* The Bull on Anglican Orders. A Discrepancy in the Gospels. *Father Méchineau, S.J.* An Object Lesson on the Labour Question. *Father Roure, S.J.* An Excursion in Mesopotamia. *Father Cheikho, S.J.* Chronicle.

## STUDIEN UND MITTHEILUNGEN AUS DEM BENEDICTINER UND CISTERCIENSER ORDEN. Heft III. 1896.

Greek Martyrologies. *Dom Ildefons Veith.* The Monastery of St. Magnus at Füssen. *Dom David Leistle.* Scholæ Benedictinæ. *Dom G. Willelms.* The Scotch Abbey of St. James at Regensburg. *G. A. Renz.* Reviews, &c.

## DER KATHOLIK. (October.)

St. Alphonsus Liguori and his Work. *F. Ter Haar, C.S.S.R.* Father Braunsberger's Letters of B. Peter Canisius. *Dr. Bellesheim.* The Correspondence between Abgar and our Saviour. *Dr. J. Nirschl.* New Evidence for Old Truths. *Dr. P. Wittmann.* The Iconography of the Middle Ages. *F. Schneider.* Reviews, &c.

## L'UNIVERSITÉ CATHOLIQUE. (October.)

Leo XIII. and Anglican Orders. *J. M. Vacant.* Blessed Philippe of Chantemilan. *M. Reure.* Sainte-Beuve. *Abbé Relave.* Speech of M. Desjardins at the Concours Général. *Abbé Delfour.* Oriental Studies. *A. Lepitre.* Reviews, &c.

## REVUE GÉNÉRALE. (October.)

Popes and the Renaissance. *H. Francotte.* Manuel, a story. *L. Denuit.* Vienna and the Viennese. *J. G. Freson.* The Ants of Paraguay. *A. Baguet.* A Traveller's Impressions: The Land of Léon. *H. Bordeaux.* A Great Christian Lady of the Sixteenth Century. Reviews, &c.

## STIMMEN AUS MARIA-LAACH. (October 21, 1896.)

Mr. Kidd and the conditions of Human Progress. *Father Pesch, S.J.* The Order of Our Lady of Mercy, II. *Father Kneller, S.J.* A Century of Arctic Exploration, III. *Father Schwartz, S.J.* Witchcraft in Denmark. *Father Plenkens, S.J.* Helles' "Jesus Messias." *Father Kreiten, S.J.* Reviews [Father Duhr's *Studienordnung der Gesellschaft Jesu*]. Notices [Mr. Devas' *Political Economy*. German translation]. Miscellany [The Order of Odd Fellows].

